

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CLXXI.

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## EVENING.

BY MARY GEOGHEGAN.

WIND of the autumn eve, the coming night,  
 Breeze of the forest and the fields that be  
 Dewy and hushed beneath the mystery  
 Of the wild heavens, where fades one streak  
 of light  
 Lurid betwixt the storm's opposing might,—  
 Breath of the twilight heath, the sunset sea,  
 What vague unspoken dreams find voice in  
 thee!  
 From what strange fairyland dost wing thy  
 flight?  
 From castles, tow'ring black on crimson skies,  
 Whose ponderous portals echo to the blows  
 Of knightly champions against wizard foes;  
 Cities that splendid, vast, barbaric, rise;  
 Dark woods, that somewhere in their dim  
 aisles keep  
 Palace and princess in enchanted sleep.

Time.

## INDE SPES.

SAD autumn leaves, whirling before the blast,  
 Eddying and hast'ning in your fitful play,  
 Sighing a requiem o'er the summer past,  
 Falling and drifting as it dies away,—  
 Tender and green, you clothed the boughs in  
 May,  
 Shaded us, fanned us, in July's fierce heat:  
 Now, when October makes his ruthless way,  
 Golden and crimson, but in wild retreat  
 Seem you, like banners of a broken force,  
 Like spray crests scattered from a plunging  
 wave;  
 Faded, you flutter on your downward course,  
 Withered, wind-carried to a woodland grave.  
 Yet now, as then, to me good hope you bring,  
 Life after death, after long winter, spring.

J. M. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF.

English Illustrated Magazine.

## A CONCORD LOVE SONG.

SHALL we meet again, love,  
 In the distant when, love,  
 When the now is then, love,  
 And the present past?  
 Shall the mystic yonder  
 On which I ponder,  
 I sadly wonder,  
 With thee be cast?

Ah, the joyless fleeting  
 Of our primal meeting,  
 And the fateful greeting  
 Of the how and why!  
 Ah, the thingness flying  
 From the hereness, sighing  
 For a love undying,  
 That fain would die!

Ah, the ifness sadd'ning,  
 The whichness madd'ning,  
 And the but ungladd'ning,  
 That lie behind!  
 When the signless token  
 Of love is broken,  
 In the speech unspoken  
 Of mind to mind!

But the mind perceiveth  
 When the spirit grieveth,  
 And the heart relieveth  
 Itself of woe;  
 And the doubt-mists lifted  
 From the eyes love-gifted,  
 Are rent and rifted  
 In the warmer glow.

In the inner me, love,  
 As I turn to thee, love,  
 I seem to see, love,  
 No ego there;  
 But the meness dead, love,  
 The theeness fled, love,  
 And born instead, love,  
 An usness rare!

Lunenburg, Aug. 17, 1884.

## OUR STREAM.

"OUR stream," my children call it—ours,  
 although  
 One emerald mead is all of our domain  
 That drinks through every joyful grassy  
 vein  
 The fruitful virtue of its overflow.  
 And yet "our stream;" for none more dearly  
 know  
 Its unguessed fount deep in an upland lane  
 Of Quantock—none more love to track the  
 chain  
 Of sinuous silver it uncoils below.  
 Therefore "our stream," my children's stream  
 and mine,  
 By every mimic cataract, isle, and bay  
 Named by their lips—ours by each cap-  
 tured store  
 Of primrose stars and honey-breathing bine,  
 And cress, and nuts, and berries; all, all  
 its way  
 To Norton Brook, "our stream" forever-  
 more!

Spectator. ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

## LOVE AND DEATH.

If Dahlia died I could not weep,  
 It were to look on Death asleep;  
 In Dahlia's arms to die would be  
 A perfect immortality.

Academy.

MICHAEL FIELD.

From The Fortnightly Review.

## METAPHOR AS A MODE OF ABSTRACTION.

METAPHOR represents a whole stage of thought through which all languages must pass, though its influence cannot be confined within strictly chronological limits, but will assert itself again and again, when favorable circumstances arise.

When treating of metaphor in my "Lectures on the Science of Language," I endeavored to establish a distinction between two classes of metaphors, which I called radical and poetical. I meant by a radical metaphor the transference of one and the same root to different objects, as when in Sanskrit both the sun and a hymn of praise are called *arká*, from a root *ark*, to shine, the one in the sense of what shines, the other in the sense of what makes shine, or what blazes forth the glory of a god. When from the root *var*, to cover, the Hindus derived *Var-una* (*Οὐρανός*), the covering sky and the god of the sky, and likewise *Vri-tra* (*Ὀρόρος*), the covering darkness, the cloud, the enemy of the bright gods; when from a root *prá*, meaning originally to blow, to let forth, was derived *πρηστήρ*, a storm, but also *πρήθω*, to burn; or from a root *an*, to blow, the Sanskrit *anala*, fire, and *anila*, wind: all this was what I meant by radical metaphor. Perhaps the name was not well chosen, because it is rather a process of *diaphora*, of carrying the root with its concept to this and that object, than a *metaphora*, or transference from one object to another; yet, for practical purposes, *metaphora*, applied in this sense, can hardly be misunderstood, and, as guarded by a proper definition, it might well be kept.

But at all events this process is different, and ought to be distinguished from another, namely, the transference of ready-made words from one well-known object to another equally well-known subject, as when poets call the rays of the sun arrows, large waves white horses (*cavalli*), small waves *moutons*, Italian *pecorelle*, or when, as in French, the sky covered with thin white clouds is called *ciel moutonné*, and Virgil says, "*Lanae vellera per coelum feruntur.*" Such metaphors I wished to distinguish as poetical, and for a proper

study of comparative mythology the distinction seems to me of considerable importance.

Dr. Brinkmann, in a work of great learning and research, entirely devoted to the subject of metaphor,\* has found fault with this division; but, so far as I can judge, from a misapprehension of the meaning which I attached to these names of radical and poetical metaphor. He says that I ought to have divided all metaphors into radical and non-radical, and into poetical and prosaic.† This dichotomous process may be right from a logical point of view, but it would hardly have answered my purpose. I did not take poetical in the sense of metrical, and therefore could not have used prosaic as the complement of poetical. My object was an historical division, and if I had cared for apparent logical accuracy rather than for clearness of expression, I might have divided metaphors into radical and verbal. By radical metaphors, as I explained, I mean those which determined the application of certain roots to objects apparently so different as sun and hymn of praise, wind and fire, etc. The metaphor in this case affected the root; and it was not only difficult, but impossible, to say in each case whether roots, after having attained a general meaning, had been specialized, or whether a root of special meaning had been generalized, and thus become applicable to the expression of various concepts. If, instead of calling all the remaining metaphors verbal, I preferred to call them poetical, it was partly because verbal is now generally supposed to exclude nominal, partly because I wanted to imply that these metaphors constituted pre-eminently the innate poetry of language. These metaphors, the unconscious poetry of language, were originally as much an act of poetical genius performed by a forgotten poet as was any metaphorical expression of Shakespeare or Goethe. But from our point of view there is a difference, and a very important difference, between a met-

\* Die Metaphern, Studien über den Geist der modernen Sprachen, I. Buch, Die Thierbilder der Sprache, Bonn, 1878.

† L. c., p. 43.

aphor that has been so completely absorbed into the blood of a language as no longer to be felt as a metaphor, and others which we use with a conscious feeling that they are our own work or the work of some one else, and that they require a kind of excuse, or even an interpretation. Aristotle (Poet. c. 21) calls such metaphors artificial (*παισιμμένα*), as when some poets call the horns "small branches" (*ἐρμυες*), or a priest "one who prays" (*ἀρητήρ*).

I confined my observations chiefly to a consideration of metaphors which have become part and parcel of a language, what Dr. Brinkmann would call incarnate metaphors, such as when the central spot of the eye is called the pupil, the little girl, in Spanish, *la niña de los ojos*; or when a machine for battering is called a battering-ram (*aries*); or another for lifting is called a crane. Such metaphors are very numerous. Thus the name of donkey, in German, *Esel*, is used in English as the name of a support for pictures (easel). In Spanish *la borrica del hato*, "the she-donkey of a bundle of clothes," is used to signify a shepherd's wallet. In Greek donkey (*ὄνος*) is used for windlass, the upper millstone, and a distaff. When the Aryans had discovered that the soil, after having been raked up, proved more fertile, and when they had contrived some crude kind of plough, the essential part of which consisted in a piece of wood, stone, or metal that tore open the soil, how were they to call it? Such words as the Sanskrit *go-darāna*, earth-cleaver, are late. Ancient languages were shorter and less analytical. Having watched the propensity of pigs to scratch the soil with their noses, some of the Aryans called the plough the pig the ploughshare, the pig's snout. Thus Panini tells us (III. 2, 182) that *potram* in Sanskrit meant both a pig and a plough; Halāyudha states that *protham* is the name of the snouts both of plough and pig. Plutarch goes a step further, and asserts that the first idea of a plough came from watching the pig burrowing, and that hence the ploughshare was called *ivc*. It is curious that the Latin *porca*, a ridge between two furrows, is derived from *porcus*; and that the Ger-

man *Furche* (*furicha*), furrow, is connected with *farah*, boar. In Sanskrit we find *vrika*, the name for wolf, used in the sense of plough; but this may be due to a radical metaphor, *vrika* being derived from *vras*, to tear. In many languages the living principle within us is called spirit (breath); to die is expressed by to wither, to scheme by to spin, a doubt by a knot, kind by warm, unkind by cold, etc.

All this I call poetical metaphor, and it interested me as being a most important element in the growth of language. What we generally call metaphors, and what Dr. Brinkmann is chiefly concerned with, are no doubt poetical too, and perhaps, if poetical means what is done by professed poets, even more truly poetical than what I call so. But they belong to a later stratum of language and thought. If I call a man a lion, in the sense of dandy; or a dog, in the sense of a wretch, these are incarnate metaphors, and their study belongs to the science of language. But if I say "he was like a lion in fight," or "he was a lion in fight," if I call him "Cœur de lion," these are individual metaphors, and their study belongs to rhetoric. It may sometimes be difficult to draw a sharp line between the two, but that it is due to the very nature of metaphors. Though all originally the work of individuals, their acceptance and popularity depend on the taste of others; and it is often, therefore, a mere question of time whether they become incorporated in the spoken language or remain outside. Frequently a modern poet does but revive the latent metaphors of language, or furbish them up till they show once more their original intentions. If we say "to plough the sea," in French, *sillonner la mer*, in Italian, *solcare il mare*, in Spanish, *arar la mar*, in Latin, *perarare aquas*, *sulcare vada carina*, we only repeat the old radical metaphor which gave to the root *ar* the meanings of stirring, ploughing, and rowing.\* Frequently a modern metaphor fades and hardens so quickly that we forget that it ever was a metaphor. Who thinks of a steel pen as a feather, or of shares, when they rise and

\* Lectures on the Science of Language, vol. i., p.



fall, as portions of capital? Yet these are metaphors of very modern date.

But though for the purposes which I had chiefly in view when treating of the origin of mythology, the division of metaphors into radical and poetical, as explained by myself, seemed most convenient, a more detailed classification of metaphors may be useful for studying some deeper and wider strata in the growth of human thought and language.

The oldest division of metaphors dates from the time of Aristotle.

He \* takes *μεταφορά* in a very wide sense, calling by that name every transference of a word, first, from the genus to the species, as if we say "to stand," of a ship, instead of "being at anchor;" second, from the species to the genus, if we say a "thousand," instead of "many;" third, from one species to another species, if we say *χαλκῷ ἀπὸ ψυχῆν ἀρύσας*, "with the weapon lifting the soul as water with a pitcher from the well," or *τεμὼν ἀτειρὲι χαλκῷ*, "cutting with the unyielding weapon," for in both cases the special *ἀρύειν* and *τέμνειν* are used in the sense of taking away; and fourth, according to analogy. Aristotle gives here as an instance "the goblet of Ares;" and he adds, "As the goblet stands to Dionysos in the same relation as the shield to Ares, the former is used for the latter." Another instance is, if we call the evening the old age of the day, or old age the evening of life. It was this last transference, however, that "according to analogy," which in later times monopolized the name of metaphora, — Berkeley † uses analogy as synonymous with metaphor, — while tropus was used in the more general sense which Aristotle had assigned to metaphora. Thus Quintilian (Instit. Orat. viii. 6), rendering metaphora by *translatio*, explains it by *brevis similitudo*, an abridged comparison; and this has remained for centuries the recognized definition of the term. By *similitudo* Quintilian means such expressions as when we say that a man acted like a lion, by metaphora when we say more briefly the man is a lion. In addition to these he admits two other kinds of

trope, viz., the synecdoche and metonymy. When we are meant to understand the many from the one, the whole from the part, the genus from the species, the result from the antecedents, and *vice versa*, that with him is synecdoche; when we put one name for another, such as Homer for Homer's poems, that is metonymy.

This classification has answered its object very well, particularly as it was intended chiefly for rhetorical purposes. But as we acquire a fuller understanding of certain processes of the mind and language, it often happens that the old classifications and the old technical terms prove inadequate, and that we have nevertheless to retain them, though in a modified sense. Thus the name of metaphor is certainly objectionable, except when we restrict it to individual poetical metaphors, because it seems to imply a conscious transference of a name from one object to another, both previously known, both previously named. Such transference takes place both in modern and ancient writers, as when, for instance, Gibbon says, "Some seeds of knowledge might be cast upon a fruitful soil." Such a metaphor is poetical and intentional. This is already less so in a passage quoted by Aristotle in his "Poetica" (cap 21), when the sun is spoken of as *σπείρων θεοκτίστην φλόγα*, "sowing the divine light." For, as Aristotle hints himself, the metaphor here is not quite involuntary, because the Greek language had no separate verb to express the act of strewing or scattering the light, and nothing remained but to use *σπείρειν*, to sow.

This is a very important remark, and a closer examination of ancient metaphors teaches us that poverty of language was a very important, nay, the most important element in the formation. Language had need of metaphors, had in fact to borrow, because it was too poor, or as Cicero says (De Orat. iii. 38-39), "Hae translationes quasi mutationes sunt, cum quod non habeas, aliunde sumas." He distinguishes these metaphors from others, which he calls "paulo audaciores, quae non inopiam indicant, sed orationi splendoris aliquid arcessunt."

When there was no word to express a

\* Poetica, cap. 21.

† Works, vol. i., p. 390.

nascent idea, what could be done but to take the next best? Man was driven to speak metaphorically, whether he liked it or not. It was not because he could not restrain his poetical imagination, but rather because he had to strain it to the very utmost, in order to find expression for the ever-increasing wants of his mind. Suppose man had advanced as far as plating or weaving; it would be very natural that, after setting lines to catch birds, he should, when he had to describe his day's work, be reminded of the words for plating or weaving. Weaving would thus take the sense of putting snares, and when a new word was wanted for setting snares—that is, for tricking, cheating, luring, inveigling a person by false words—nothing, again, was more natural than to take a word of a similar import, and to use, for instance, *ὑφαίνειν*, to weave, in the sense of plotting. Thus Homer says, *πικρὸν δόλον ὑφαίνειν, μήτιν ὑφαίνειν*, etc., i. e., to weave a plot. This metaphor spread very widely, and we may discover it even in our own word *subtle*, Lat. *subtilis*, which comes from *subtexere*, to weave beneath, like *tēla* for *texla*.

Metaphor, therefore, ought no longer to be understood as simply the premeditated act of a poet, as a conscious transference of a word from one object to another. This is modern, fanciful, individual metaphor, while the old metaphor was much more frequently a matter of necessity, and in most cases not so much the transference of a word from one concept to another, as the creation or determination of a new concept by means of an old name. A poet who transfers the name of tear to the dew has already clear names and concepts both for tear and dew. But the old framers of language who for the first time used "to weave" in the sense of plotting had before this neither concept nor name for plotting; they created or fixed the new concept and widened the old name at one and the same time.

But though it would be more correct to call ancient metaphors transformations or transitions rather than transferences, it will be necessary to retain the old technical term, only guarding against its etymological meaning being taken for its real definition. After these preliminary remarks, a classification of ancient metaphors will become less difficult.

#### FUNDAMENTAL METAPHOR.

THERE is, first of all, a whole class of metaphors which arise from a deep necessity of thought. Of these I have often

spoken before, and need not dwell on them now, particularly as they have lately been discussed with great philosophical insight by Professor Noiré in his "Logos" (1885), pp. 258 seq. There was no way of conceiving or naming anything objective except after the similitude of the subjective, or of ourselves. Not only animals must be conceived as acting like ourselves, as pointing, retrieving, rejoicing, grieving, willing, or resisting, but all inanimate objects had to be interpreted in the same way. The sun rises and sets, the moon grows and wanes, the clouds fly, the river runs, the mountains stand, the trees die, the sea smiles. Homer calls even a lance furious (*μαμώσσα*), and a stone shameless (*ἄναιδής*). This fundamental metaphor, however, dates back so far in the growth of our thoughts and words that it is hardly ever felt as a metaphor. It is at the root of all mythology, and had been perceived as such long ago, before the science of comparative mythology was even dreamt of. Thus Reid\* wrote: "Our first thoughts seem to be that the objects in which we perceive motion have understanding and power as we have. 'Savages,' says the Abbé Raynal, 'wherever they see motion which they cannot account for, there they suppose a soul.' All men may be considered as savages in this respect, until they are capable of instruction and using their faculties in a more perfect manner than savages do. The Abbé Raynal's observation is sufficiently confirmed both from fact and from the structure of all languages. Ruder nations do really believe sun, moon, and stars, earth, sea, and air, fountains and lakes, to have understanding and active power. To pay homage to them, and implore their favor, is a kind of idolatry natural to savages. All languages carry in their structure the marks of their being formed when this belief prevailed." With certain limitations this is quite true, but mythology is but one out of many manifestations in which fundamental metaphor shows itself.

#### GRAMMATICAL METAPHOR.

THERE is a second class of metaphors, arising, it would seem, from an imperfection of grammar rather than from any necessity of thought, though on closer examination we should probably find that here, too, language and thought are inseparable. The fact is that certain deriva-

\* Essays on the Active Powers, Essay iv., c. 3. as quoted by Mill, Logic, iii. 5, 2.

tive suffixes have more than one meaning; but this is due in the beginning to an ambiguity both of thought and expression, while afterwards this ambiguity, which was at first intended, became traditional and purely formal. Thus we find that in many languages agent and instrument are expressed by the same word, possibly because at first the instrument was conceived as a kind of agent, afterwards, however, from a mere habit. A borer may mean a man who bores or the instrument which bores. In Greek *ἀορτήρ*, lifter, applied to the horses which were not yoked to the carriage, was also applied to a strap; *κρατήρ*, originally a mixer, was used for a mixing vessel, became afterwards the name of any cup-shaped hollow, and lastly the name of the crater of a volcano. *ἑνδύτηρ* was used as the name of a garment (*πέπλος*) to be put on, just as we say in German *ein Übersieher*, a great-coat.

Act and result are constantly expressed by the same word, as in "perception" and "intuition," when used in the sense of what is perceived and seen. This has often become a mere matter of idiom, as when we now use relations for relatives, action for act, nationalities for peoples, even essences for extracts, entities for beings, nay, real existences for subjects.\* *Substantia*, substance, originally the most abstract of abstract terms, has now become apparently so concrete that Dr. Whewell thought we ought not to speak of imponderable substances, but of imponderable agencies.†

Sometimes the name of the instrument is used where the act is implied, as when we say brain, or *φρένες*, midriff, for thinking, heart for feeling. Sometimes the name of the instrument is made to convey the effect produced by it, as when the Greek word *χαρακτήρ*, an instrument for graving, is used for the mark produced by it, then for any mark, and lastly for the peculiar nature or character of a man.

The name of the place sometimes expresses the agents located in such places, as when we speak of the Court migrating, or the Porte issuing a firman, of Oxford presenting a petition, or of the Church holding a council.

This subject has been most carefully worked out by Hindu grammarians when treating of the meaning of suffixes (verbal and nominal), and on the various meanings which they impart to roots. It may

be doubted whether these cases fall properly under the head of metaphor, but if they do, they have clearly become involuntary transitions of conception, facilitated by the ambiguities of suffixes rather than by any poetical effort, in the usual sense of the word.

#### METAPHOR AS THE RESULT OF GENERALIZATION AND ABSTRACTION.

WE now proceed to the consideration of what is most commonly called metaphor. I explained this process formerly\* as "a transference of a name from the object to which it properly belongs to other objects which strike the mind as in some way or other participating in the peculiarities of the first object." This definition has been accepted by Dr. Brinkmann and others, but a repeated consideration of the subject has led me to take a different view of the mental process which produced metaphor in the earliest stages of language and thought.

If the ruler of a country was called a *gubernator*, it was not, I believe, by a straight transference of the concept of steersman to that of a ruler of a state. That may be the process by which a poet speaks of a king as a steersman standing at the helm of a vessel tossed by storms. But a simpler process is that by which the mind, after having formed such a word as *gubernator*, steersman, drops one after another the minute points which constitute its intension or comprehension, and thereby retains only the more general concept of a ruler. That process is not necessarily conscious. It is not *aphaeresis*, or abstraction, in the usual sense of that word. No one, at least, I believe, has ever caught himself in that process of plucking the feathers out of his concepts. It is rather an *apoptosis*, a falling off, a moulting, or, as Hobbes would have called it,† a decay of sense, which leaves behind more and more vague, more and more abstract, more and more general ideas.

When that process had taken place, when *gubernator* in the language of sailors and others had dwindled down to a mere director, no actual transference was necessary. *Gubernator* had been so far emptied of its original contents, its intension had shrivelled up so much that it was naturally applicable to ever so many persons, provided they acted a leading part in the management of any affairs.

There is, for instance, a great difference

\* Mill, *Logic*, i. 3, 2; i. 4, 1.

† Hume, *Philosophy of Discovery*, p. 331; Mill, *Logic* iii. 14, 6.

\* Lectures on the Science of Language, ii., p. 385.

† Hume, *Treatise on Human Nature*, ed. Green and Grove, vol. i., p. 183.

between calling a ruler a steersman, a gubernator, and calling the same man a column of the state. First of all, the latter simile belongs probably to a much later time, when columns had become not only useful, but also ornamental. Secondly, column would have to dwindle down very much before it could fall into the same wide genus as minister of state. Here, therefore, a real poetical transference seems to have taken place, and when Pope, in his translation of the *Odyssey*, introduces this simile, —

Now from my fond embrace by tempest torn  
Our other column of the state is borne, —

we feel at once a change of atmosphere, for Homer would certainly not have spoken of a column of the state, nor would he have represented such a column as torn from his mother's fond embrace by tempests.

If we speak of the moons of Jupiter, moon is no longer our measure of time, but it has faded into a mere satellite, a companion of a planet. It has become a very general name, and, as such, it proves applicable to the satellites of Jupiter or of any other planet.

A foot had originally a very full intension. It meant the member of a living body, made of flesh and bone and muscle, with five toes, and used for locomotion. It was meant for a human foot, and implied very soon a certain length. But many of its attributes not being attended to, foot became applicable to the locomotive organs of other animals, of quadrupeds, insects, birds, till at last it lost even the attribute of locomotion, and, as the foot of a table, or the foot of a mountain, signified what is most lifeless and motionless.

And here again we see very clearly how language and thought march hand in hand. It was not that we did not know by what is called sensuous knowledge the foot of a table, or the foot of a mountain before we gave it a name. The carpenter who made the foot knew it as a piece of wood, as a stick, as properly shaped, whether square or round. But until he conceived it as something supporting the top of a table, as a foot supports the body, he did not know it as a foot, and it is impossible to say which came first, concept or name, in what must have been an almost instantaneous process.

A poet, no doubt, might dispense with this slow process of apphaeresis or apotôsis; he might not wait for the gradual dropping off of claws and wings and

feathers before he called the sun a golden bird. But with the majority of mankind metaphor is mostly produced by the gradual fading of the colors of our percepts, and even by the vanishing of the outlines of their shadows, *i. e.*, of our concepts. This gives us abstract, hence general names, and these general names, without any metaphorical effort, become applicable to a large number of new objects, and are afterwards called metaphors.

How quickly language, even in modern times, can generalize, we see in a number of idiomatic and proverbial expressions in which one single case is used to convey wide inferences and very general lessons. The Spanish language is particularly rich in such proverbs and metaphors, and they have been carefully collected by Spanish scholars. The Dictionary of the Spanish Academy (Madrid, 1726-39) is well known for its wealth of metaphorical expressions, most of which are carefully and successfully explained. The number of Spanish proverbs is said to amount to no less than twenty-four thousand.\* Instead of saying, "What service have you rendered me?" the Spaniard says, *Qué hijo me has sacado de pila?* — "Which son have you taken for me from the font?" Instead of saying, Why? he may say, *Por qué carga de agua?* — "For what load of water?" When we say, "Tell this story to another person," he says, *A otro perro con ese hueso.* — "Go to another dog with that bone." The Spanish language abounds in similar expressions which in one sense may all be called metaphorical, because they are all based on rapid generalizations of single cases.

In order to gain a clearer view of the nature of poetical metaphors and their wide influence on the growth of language and thought, I have endeavored to class them under the following heads: —

1. Transition from man to animal.
2. Transition from animal to man.
3. Transition from material to immaterial.
4. Transition from the sign to what is signified.
5. Transition from cause to effect.
6. Transition from effect to cause.
7. Transition from part to whole.

\* A very full account of the literature on Spanish proverbs and on proverbs in general is to be found in Dr. Hailer's great work, *Altspanische Sprichwörter aus den Zeiten vor Cervantes, ins Deutsche übersetzt, in Spanischer und Deutscher Sprache erörtert und verglichen mit den entsprechenden der alten Griechen und Römer, der Lateiner der spätern Zeiten, der sämtlichen germanischen und romanischen Völker*, Regensburg, 1883, 2 vols. See also Brinkmann, *Die Metaphern*, p. 131.

8. Transition from one to another of things generally associated.

#### 1. TRANSITION FROM MAN TO ANIMAL.

To a great extent the metaphors of this class would have to be treated as the result of what I called "fundamental metaphor." It was impossible, as we saw, to conceive the acts of animals except as analogous with the acts of men. We interpret them from our point of view and express them in our own language. Hence it is that dogs are not only conceived as hungry and thirsty, as watchful and revengeful, as we are, but that we do not hesitate to speak of them as considering, hesitating, guessing, reasoning, for all I know, syllogizing,\* because language could not possibly supply new names to acts in all appearance so like our own, though it may be at the same time as different from them as will is from impulse. But we go further. We speak of hands instead of paws; we speak of the spectacles of a certain goose, of the coat of a dog instead of his fur. In fact, the whole animal world was conceived as a copy of our own.

#### 2. TRANSITION FROM ANIMAL TO MAN.

But if early language conceived animals in the likeness of man, it very soon conceived man in the likeness of animals. There is hardly a name of an animal which, whether for good or for evil, has not been applied to man and woman. Dog, cur, hound, whelp, donkey, pig, mule, bear, sheep, goat, lion, tiger, cat, mouse, owl, wasp, all occur in ancient as well as in modern times as names of dislike or endearment. We are here speaking of those words only which have been absorbed so completely in the stream of language that their independent meaning is no longer perceptible. In *adulari*, to flatter, we hardly perceive the original meaning of "wheeling,"† nor in wheeling, properly weeding, the German *We-deln*, that of wagging the tail. In Fr. *câlin*, a wheedler, the derivation from *caninus* is quite forgotten.‡ Coward, It. *codardo*, Fr. *coward*, was originally applied to a dog or any other animal with his tail between his legs. *Canaille*, in the sense of contemptible people, exists in all the Romanic languages. It. *canaglia*, Sp. *canalla*, Port. *canalha*. Though donkey,

or ass, used in the sense of a stupid person, is a very ancient metaphor, yet it is one that has never quite lost its character of a simile. But when the Spaniards use *desasnar* in the sense of enlightening or showing a man how foolish he has been, we have here a metaphor that had almost ceased to be felt as such.

In the same manner few Germans when they speak of *emsig*, diligent, ant-like, think of the *Ameise*, the ant *i. e.*, the *Emse*, the emmet; nay, I see that the derivation is by some considered doubtful. Yet no one doubts that caprice comes from *capra*, goat, and that capricious was originally meant for goat-like pranks.

The Latin *ruminare* meant properly to chew the cud, but it was applied so early to the act of mentally revolving a matter, that when we now speak of ruminating we but seldom recall the process in which cows eat their food.

The Greek *ἀμύγειν* means to milk, originally to stroke. But when it is used in the sense of gaining, enjoying, the idea of milking is but faintly present. Similarly the Spanish word for milking, *ordeñar*, lit. to arrange, is afterwards used in the sense of drawing profit from anything (*ir logrando poco a poco el fruto de alguna cosa*). I fancy I lately read a paper, though I cannot refer to it now, in which the German word *taugen*, to be good for something, was connected with *duh*, to milk. *Duh* signifies not only to milk, but also to yield milk. A cow which gave milk (*une vache qui rend*) would have meant a useful cow, just as an animal which ceased to have young, was called *effetus*, effete, useless. *Duh*, therefore, from meaning to yield milk, might well have come to be used in the general sense of being useful and efficient. The German *Tugend* would thus have as truly an agricultural origin as has daughter, Sk. *duhitar*, if that word meant originally the milkmaid.

All this shows how language, if at first it interpreted animal by man, soon reversed the process and interpreted man by animal, a phase of thought which not unlikely gave birth to those numerous animal myths and animal fables, nay, to those curious animal epics which formed the delight of our distant ancestors and the remnants of which have survived to the present day.

#### 3. TRANSITION FROM MATERIAL TO IMMATERIAL.

The very general change from a material to an immaterial meaning has been so often dwelt on that I need here say no

\* Plato speaks of the *πάθος αὐτοῦ τῆς φύσεως ἀγαθῶς φιλόσοφον*.

† Nonius, p. 17. *Adulatio est blandimentum proprie canum, quod et ad hominem tractum consuetudine est.*

‡ Brinkmann, l. c., p. 227.



more than what is recognized by all students of language, namely that every word, without a single exception, which has an immaterial meaning had originally a material meaning. Materialist and idealist philosophers, Locke as well as Berkeley, are agreed on this point.\* Still the process of dematerializing varies considerably. In the case of angel, which meant originally a human messenger, a real transference seems to have taken place, when a name had suddenly to be found for those spiritual messengers who were supposed to convey the commands of God to men. Here we may speak of a real transfer. But in the case of spirit, the process was different. Spirit was originally the visible breath, but it was soon taken as a merely outward sign of that which invariably ceased when breath ceased. It then came to mean life, and, by a further step, the living principle, the invisible spirit of man, and at last any spirit or spiritual being which was believed in without being seen. There was here no real transference. The concepts of life, the living principle, the invisible spirit of man, all these were not concepts, first formed and then named, but simultaneously with the enlargement of the concept of spirit the name itself was enlarged. The birth of each new concept was synchronous with its baptism.

It is difficult to select instances of metaphor leading from material to immaterial things, because language is really a complete herbarium of faded metaphors. We find them in the languages of uncivilized as well as civilized nations, only that in the former the material meaning may continue to be felt much more than in the later. In New Guinea a man who pities you, says that he has a very bad stomach-ache for you,† and he no doubt means much more than we do when we speak of the bowels of compassion.

The Roman peasant preferred to say *silva*, forest, or *cumulus*, heap, instead of *multitudo*, and Latin has retained such phrases as *beneficiorum cumulus*, *magna exemplorum silva*.‡ *Spicilegium*, a glean- ing of ears, was not used metaphorically in classical Latin, but it has become a favorite name for selections in later times.

\* See Locke, *Human Understanding*, iv. 3, 6; Berkeley, *Third Dialogue between Hylas and Philonous*, Works, i., p. 347; *Lectures on the Science of Language*, ii., p. 374.

† Rev. W. G. Lawes, *Motu Grammar*, 1885, Intro., p. x.

‡ Brinkmann, *l.c.*, p. 129; *Reisig. Lateinische Sprachwissenschaft*, § 173.

Rustics spoke of rain and rivers as flowing and trickling forth (*manare, emanare*); soon the words were used by Roman orators in the sense of emanating from, as in Cic. *De Or.* i. 42, 189, *hinc haec recentior Academia emanavit*, "hence arose this more recent Academy." *Imbuere*, in the language of the village, meant to moisten, in Rome it came to mean to infect, to imbue, to inspire.

As to adjectival metaphors, we speak of thrilling and stinging words, of a hard and a soft heart, a heavy and a light heart, a warm and a cold heart, a broken heart and a broken spirit, of black ingratitude, dark care, brilliant thoughts, golden times, narrow prejudices, iron will, dry remarks. As to verbal metaphors we have such expressions as to damp the ardor, to chain the passions, to drown the cares, to feed on hopes, to thirst for knowledge, etc.

Even adverbs often rest on metaphors preceded by a fading of color.\* Thus *aegre* comes from *aeger*, sick, as hardly from hard. *Temere*, at random, is supposed to be a locative of a lost *temus*, corresponding to Sanskrit *tamas*, darkness, so that originally it would have meant "in the dark." *Mox*, soon, seems to correspond to Sk. *makshu*, with might. In Greek, *δευώε* is used in the sense of very, without that taint of vulgarity which still clings to our "awfully." The German *ungefähr*, about, meant originally "without danger." *Vielleicht* was very easily, Greek *ῥῆξα*, perhaps. *Schon*, already, is supposed to have sprung from *schön*, beautifully, used in the sense of perfectly. A similar idiom is found in the Italian *bello e buono*, or in the English, "He is gone for good."

That all prepositions may change their local and temporal into a causal meaning has been often remarked, and may be seen explained in every Greek or Latin grammar.

In most of the cases hitherto mentioned it would be impossible to describe the change of meaning as due to metaphor or transference in the ordinary sense of the word. The change takes place, whether we like it or not. The original meaning of words fades, their full intension becomes lessened, their extension in consequence grows larger and larger, and without any stretch of imagination the words thus changed come to express con-

\* Brinkmann, *l.c.*, p. 76. Fürstemann, *Zur Bedeutungsgeschichte der deutschen Adverbien*, in *Neues Jahrbuch der Berliner Gesellschaft für deutsche Sprache*, herausgegeben von v. d. Hagen, vol. vi., p. 44-51.



cepts which seem to have grown up simultaneously with this process of decay.

It happens likewise, though of course less frequently, that names of immaterial things are used again with a more material meaning. Thus soul, after having become the name of the spiritual element in man, is employed in the sense of person, as when we say, "I did not see a single soul there."

There are other cases where we see the name of one material thing used as the name of another, owing to some kind of similarity which it is not always easy to discover. Thus the French *tête*, head, is evidently the Latin *testa*, but *testa* in Latin meant a brick, an earthen pot, and a potsherd. In Spanish *casco* means potsherd and skull, and *cogote*, occiput, is said to be derived from *concha*, shell. In German we have the expression, *ganz aus dem Häuschen sein*, to be very much excited, almost off his head. In Spanish *casilla*, small house, is used for head, and *socar d'uno de sus casillas*, means to drive one out of his little house, i. e., to make him impatient. Humorously the head is called *la tapa de los sesos*, the lid of the senses.\*

#### 4. TRANSITION FROM THE SIGN TO WHAT IS SIGNIFIED.

THIS class of metaphors is not always distinguishable from the preceding one, because the sign is naturally in many cases the material outside of an immaterial inside. Thus spirit, as we saw, stood for the living, and even for the thinking, principle in man. That may be called the material for the immaterial. But spirit or breath may also be considered as the outward sign of life or thought, and the metaphor would then belong to the fourth class. The same applies to such words as brain, heart, stomach, when used to signify thought, feeling, and passion; also to *frons* and *supercilium*, forehead and eyebrow, if used in the sense of boldness and pride. Other cases more clearly belonging to this class are when we say, "The crown commands," meaning the queen, or, possibly, Mr. Gladstone. With respect to adjectives, when we speak of a man as a dirty action, we use dirt as the outward sign of moral degradation. When we say, "The trumpet calls," we really mean the command of the general as conveyed by the sound of the trumpet that calls the soldiers to battle. At last we may speak of the trumpet-call of duty.

#### 5. TRANSITION FROM CAUSE TO EFFECT.

CASES where the name of the cause, whether as author or as instrument, is used in place of the name of the effect, are frequent, as when we speak of reading Homer, instead of reading the poems made by Homer. This by some authorities would be classed as metonymy. We have nearly the same kind of metaphor in the use which the Romans made of Ceres and Bacchus, in the sense of bread, wine. In Greek we found *χαράκρη*, the instrument for marking, used for the mark produced by it; in Latin *lingua*, tongue, has become the recognized name for language.

#### 6. TRANSITION FROM EFFECT TO CAUSE.

THIS class is not very numerous. When we say that a man ought to blush, meaning that he ought to be ashamed, we use, no doubt, the effect for the cause; but blush may also have been taken as the outward sign, used in the sense of what is signified by it. "Give me a light," if used for "Give me a candle," may be another case in point.

#### 7. TRANSITION FROM PART TO WHOLE.

THIS class, to which the Greeks gave the special name of synecdoche, comprises such cases as when we use roof in the sense of house, bread for food, spring for year. Often the opposite takes place, as when people speak of a resolution passed by the senate, though it may have been passed by a few senators only, or by the majority of the senate; or when people speak of the church, meaning themselves only and those who agree with them. This, however, may rather be called an abuse of language, or even an untruth, than a metaphor.

#### 8. TRANSITION FROM ONE TO ANOTHER OF THINGS GENERALLY ASSOCIATED.

THESE metaphors by which the name of one thing is transferred to another which forms its complement or constant accompaniment are frequent in all languages. Thus scales stand for balance, the clouds for the sky, the altar for the temple. People say they have drunk a bottle, when they mean the wine in the bottle, and highwaymen asked for *la vie ou la bourse*, when they cared very little about the purse, but a great deal about the money in it. Money, *moneta*, Germ. *münze*, was so called because at Rome money was coined in a building on the Capitol, adjoining the temple of Juno Moneta.

\* Brinkmann, l.c., p. 135.

After having discovered how little of real transference there is in what we call metaphorical expressions, it might become a question whether the old name should be retained, or whether it is so misleading that it ought to be abolished and replaced by a more accurate term. There are, no doubt real metaphors, as when the sun is called the jewel of the sky, or the sea a garden of spray (*un jardin de espumas*), or England

A precious stone set in the silver sea,  
Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
Against the envy of less happier lands.

Some of these metaphors are far fetched, while others are within easy reach, but all are fetched, and are well described therefore by metaphora. Most of the metaphors, however, which are of interest to the student of language and thought, as having entered into the living body of speech, as having become, as Dr. Brinkmann expresses it, incarnate, owe their origin, as we saw, to such different causes that metaphor as applied to them has certainly become a misnomer. If, nevertheless, I continue to use metaphor as the technical name for all, it is with the distinct understanding that metaphor must not be supposed to imply a conscious transference of the name of one thing to another. "A fair and ingenuous reader," as Berkeley says,\* "must collect the sense from the scope and tenor and connection of a discourse, making allowance for those inaccurate modes of speech which use has made inevitable." To imagine in the earliest periods of language a real transference of name from a known thing to an unknown, would be contrary to one of the leading principles of the sciences of thought and language, namely, that nothing can be a thing to us without a name. The act of clothing naked concepts with old garments is an act of charity which we never perform. What really happens is that names vary in intension. Percepts do not hold all the sensations which originally composed them, concepts do not retain all the percepts which at first they were meant to embrace. There is therefore a constant change going on in the meaning of words, and our mind, if we but watch it carefully, is the permanent scene of the most surprising transformations. As the concepts lose their full intension—and this all concepts are apt to do by themselves and without any as-

sistance derived from what we call abstraction—their names become larger, *i.e.*, become applicable to new germinal concepts which are but waiting for a name to spring into life. When we once have the concept and name of a steersman, the concept of director springs into life as soon as steersman loses the attributes of standing at the helm of a ship and managing the rudder. The picture has faded, and by thus fading the weather-beaten steersman has become like many other people who are now, by likeness, *κατὰ τὸ ἀνάλογον*, called steersmen, gubernatores, or governors. In the highest sense, therefore, metaphor is but a new side of abstraction and generalization, the vital principles of all thought and of all language.

F. MAX MULLER.

From The Argosy.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A YOUNG LADY.

JUNE 2nd. — I am alone in the house. It is the queerest feeling, but I like it so much.

Papa and Amy have gone to dine and sleep at Sir John Gray's, at least twenty miles off. Of course they look Ann with them, as she acts as lady's maid on these state occasions. And equally of course, being a state occasion, John had to sit on the driving-seat beside the coachman. And just this minute cook comes to ask my leave to—or rather to inform me that she intends to go and sit with her sick sister in the village for an hour or so. And so I am actually alone, mistress of all I survey.

If only I could have an adventure!

But adventures never do happen. I am sixteen years old, and I have never had an adventure in my life. If it were a novel, now, adventures would be sure to come; or a fairy tale would be better still. How I do wish it were a fairy tale, and that I were the princess! Well, I will go out and walk in the garden, for it is a most lovely evening; but there is no chance of a fairy prince paying me a visit, I am afraid. The more's the pity.

Nine o'clock P. M. Oh, what a wonderful thing has happened to me! What shall I do? What *can* I do? I little thought when I was writing those lines in joke, of the adventure that awaited me in the garden. How strange and terrible it has been, and what will happen next? It

\* Berkeley, Works, i., p. 183.

has only *begun* as yet, and such a beginning!

I hope I have not been wicked. I don't feel as if I blamed myself, and yet I am sure that when I tell papa he will be angry with me. But what could I do?

I really could not — could not — help it.

I was walking on the gravel path at the end of the garden when some one jumped over the hedge. I was so startled, and thought directly of my fairy prince. But it was not even a gentleman; it was a lad of nineteen or twenty, dressed as a sailor. His complexion and hair were very dark, a sort of mahogany color, and a glance told me his features were handsome. I thought he was like a Spaniard, only I don't know whether Spaniards ever have blue eyes, and his eyes were certainly blue. I never saw any one so out of breath, or look so frightened and hurried as he did when he saw me.

He quite jumped back from me even as he alighted; but the next moment came up to me, and said vehemently, in a sort of panting way, as if he could hardly draw his breath, —

"Young lady — will you help me? They will soon be here. If they take me I am a lost man. Will you save me? For heaven's sake say yes."

"What *can* I do?" I cried.

He was so agitated that he could hardly reply.

"Hide me — take me in there," pointing to the house, "and hide me somewhere — anywhere — quick, quick, before they come. A minute more may be too late. Hide me till they are gone!"

There was an agony of supplication in his tone. His face was one prayer. He looked ready to fall, to die.

What ought I to have done? I am sure I don't know. What I *did* do was to bid him follow me, and then run swiftly through the garden, into the house and up-stairs.

There I paused a moment to reflect. But reflect as I would, I could only think of one place where he might be hid safely, and from which I should be able to let him out unseen, if cook returned.

I led him through Amy's bedroom into mine, which opened out of hers. In the recess by the fireplace is a long press made by large doors put in front of it. One of these doors fastens with a bolt inside, and the other with a lock and key. I unlocked this one, made him get in and go to the far end beyond the other door, with half-a-dozen dresses hanging between him and the place he had entered by. I

desired him to stay there as quietly as possible, and said that I would let him out when it seemed safe to do so.

Then I went down-stairs into the drawing-room, feeling as if I was walking in a dream, sat down at the piano and played loudly and noisily. It seemed to me the only thing I could do, I was in such a fever of fright.

Who were the "they" that he expected to come after him?

The question was soon answered. I saw policemen walking up to the front door. Some of them dispersed about the grounds, and two rang the house bell. I let them ring twice before I opened the door.

"What *do* you want?" cried I, my heart beating till I was nearly blind and deaf. "*Everybody* is out — servants and all."

"Beg pardon, miss," said one of the men, "sorry his reverence is not within — for we must go all over the house. Will you have the kindness to show us the way?"

"No, indeed. I am sure my father would be very angry. What do you want?"

"Don't you be frightened, miss, but it's a young man we're after, who was *seen* coming down the lane, so he must be somewhere about the premises — for there is nowhere else he can be. No harm shall come of it, and we'll take the greatest care of you; so don't you be frightened. But it's a bad business, and have him we must. And we can't lose time either, so please show us the way."

And I did. I took them everywhere — all over the house; kitchens, offices, cellars, sitting rooms.

"I suppose you don't want to go up-stairs?" I cried. But they told me he would be sure to hide in the most unlikely places, so they went.

All through the bedrooms then, and at the very last, Amy's room — and mine!

Every now and then a press or closet was fastened and could not be opened, and this was the case with the long press in my room, of which I had the key in my pocket. They asked me if this, too, was locked up, and I said yes. Then one of the men said: "Do you know where the key is?" I opened a drawer while I answered: "You see it is not here. My sister keeps her dresses in it, and she will not be home till to-morrow."

"All right, miss," said the policeman.

Oh, how I hope I was not very wicked! I did not tell a lie, but I equivocated; and

I have always despised equivocation, and maintained it was worse than lying when Amy said it was not so bad. I will never, *never* again wish for an adventure.

At last these dreadful policemen went away, and I have sat down to write an account of what has happened because I do not feel able to do anything else. They said they were going to Lypton; and I suppose I must give them plenty of time to get there, and not leave the least chance of their coming back, and that I had better not let this troublesome young man out for an hour.

Hark, what is that?

The sound of wheels on the gravel! What *can* be going to happen now? *Not* another adventure, I do hope.

Good gracious! It is the carriage come back, and papa and Amy in it! What can it mean?

June 3rd. — I am writing in bed. I was too ill to get up. They have left me alone, telling me to go to sleep. It is easy to tell me that, but I doubt whether I shall ever sleep again. I can't read, I can't keep quiet. Thinking is dreadful, and I will try if I can write down all the terrible things that happened last night. I will begin at the beginning, and if I can, I will put everything in order just as it occurred.

Papa and Amy came in. Papa looked so white and stern, he frightened me. Amy was crying bitterly, and when she took her handkerchief from her face, it seemed as if she had cried without ceasing for hours. My guilty conscience immediately suggested that they had found out what I had done and had come back immediately. I was a goose to think it, but I was so frightened. Papa angry, and poor Amy shocked and miserable, and all because I had hid that sailor. I stood up before them and could not say a word. Papa put his arm round me and kissed me.

"Don't be alarmed, my poor Lucy," he said; "we are well and safe. But something very dreadful has happened; so dreadful that I hardly can bear to tell my dear little girl. Poor — poor Sir John —"

He stopped — quite overcome. I had never seen my father like this before. He was always so self-possessed.

"Oh, what, papa? Is he ill? — dead?"

"He is *murdered*," replied my father, speaking with difficulty. I screamed.

"When we got there all was in confusion and misery. He had been shot dead in the wood by a young sailor, with whom he had had words about poaching and

trespassing in the morning. The scoundrel attacked him and shot him."

"Oh, papa!"

"The diabolical villain has escaped, but the police are in hot pursuit, and he must be found. They have traced him to within a few miles of the coast here, and he can't escape them. He will be taken and hanged for his horrible crime. That is in one way a consolation; but his punishment will not bring back our poor friend."

What was happening? I grew hot, then cold, a deadly sickness came over me, all so suddenly; then the room moved. Papa's voice got farther and farther away, the floor slid off from under my feet, and I knew no more. No more till something cold fell on my face, and I thought they were cruelly waking me out of a heavy sleep from which I *couldn't* wake, while the mere attempt to do so was great pain.

At last I could see again, faintly and dimly. Papa was leaning over me. What was it? What had I done? Was he angry?

"Forgive me," was all I could say.

"Poor darling," said papa very kindly.

"The shock was too much. I ought not to have told you so abruptly. You fainted, my dear. Go to bed now, little girl, and sleep off the horror of it all."

I was very much surprised to hear that I had fainted.

"Don't talk to Amy about it," continued papa, "but both of you go to bed."

Go to bed? Yes — and the murderer was concealed in my bedroom!

However, papa's word was law, and Amy and I kissed him and went up-stairs. We entered her room.

"I can't sleep alone to-night," I cried passionately. "I must sleep with you, Amy."

She looked dubiously at the size of her bed. "Yours is larger, Lucy," she said. "I'll sleep with you. We shall both be better for company."

"No," I cried in despair, "I can't sleep in that room. This is nearer papa's, and I'll stay here."

My will was stronger than Amy's, though Amy was older than I; and, as usual, I had my way. Amy slowly took off her dress.

"I'll hang it up in the press," she said wearily.

"Oh, no, no," I cried, "put it on a chair for to-night. Never mind it, never mind it!" and I wrung my hands. Then Amy undressed and went to bed, and so did I. I suppose if I live to be a hundred

years old I shall never forget what I suffered last night.

Papa's old friend, whom, however, I only knew a little, *murdered*; shot dead in the wood. That was horror and grief enough. And yet, just then, that really seemed almost the smallest part of my misery.

What ought I to do? I had hidden the murderer. I, little Lucy Lee, had hidden a murderer! I shuddered when I thought he was a living man, in the next room, hidden away among Amy's and my pretty dresses. What ought I to do? Ought I to tell papa? To tell him was, of course, the same thing as giving the man up to be hanged, and I shuddered and wept where I lay, until Amy said, "Poor child! do try to go to sleep."

I stuffed the sheet into my mouth to prevent my screaming aloud. No, I could not do it. I might be wicked, but if I was wicked I could not help it, and wicked I must be. I should get up when the house was quiet in the depth of the night, when all good people were asleep, and let him out. I was obliged to do it, I could not help myself; I *could* not give him up to be hanged.

One o'clock, two o'clock, struck. Amy, the soundest of sleepers, was in that heavy slumber that follows long crying. I rose softly, put on a few clothes, my dressing-gown over them, and a shawl wrapped round me. I went with bare feet, as I feared the sound even of slippers. I caught sight of myself in the glass as I passed by. My hair was all hanging about me, and I looked so pale and scared I should not have known my own face. I required no candle, for a large, beautiful summer moon poured its light over everything.

I dared not linger or delay. If I did I felt that all my courage would go from me; ooze out at the end of my fingers. I pushed the door open between the two rooms, and entered mine.

On my dressing-table lay my own little Bible, on the title page of which, in round, childish hand, was my name written, "Lucy Lee, from her dear papa, on her tenth birthday," and in which I had read night and morning for six years. With sudden impulse, I caught it up and held it in one hand, while with the other I unlocked the door of the press.

"Come out," I whispered very low.

Suppose it was a dream and there was no one there. Alas, it was no dream! He came out. How wretched and forlorn he looked after having been for hours

shut up there with hardly air to breathe. I put my finger on my lips, and he followed me noiselessly, his shoes in his hands, through Amy's room, who never stirred in her sleep. If she had waked then, and seen him and me gliding along at the foot of her bed! We went on down stairs and into the kitchen.

Then I spoke.

"I shall let you go," I said — my voice sounded to me quite unlike itself — "and I shall give you my Bible." I put it in his hands. "Promise me to read it. Oh, please repent your dreadful sin, try to be good, and pray — and — and read the Bible I have given you."

I hardly knew what I was saying. How he looked at me, poor, wretched creature — so young, and such a sinner!

"I think you are an angel," he said, "you beautiful child. I should like to kiss your bare feet as I would those of a saint on a shrine. I *do* promise you I will read your book. I have been a bad fellow, but I will go and sin no more."

I was trembling with fear and emotion while I softly unlocked and opened the kitchen door and said: "Go away. God help you. *Please* go away."

He looked at me just once more and said, "I shall never forget you," and then he was off like an arrow from a bow.

I relocked the door with a great breath of relief. It was over. He was gone, and I went back into the hall. As I entered it, the opposite door, which is that of papa's study, slowly opened. I gave a loud scream, and the next moment my father stood before me, a candle in his hand. I trembled from head to foot, but could not speak.

"Lucy!" cried he in astonishment.

Still I could not utter a word.

"Lucy, what brings you here? What are you doing? Your feet are bare. You will make yourself ill. Is she walking in her sleep?" he added hastily, and held the candle before my eyes.

How ghastly he and everything looked, the broad moonlight pouring down on us, and the wretched little candle held up between him and me!

"I can't help it, papa," I found I said, but I did not know what I meant.

"My dear child, you are feverish and excited. I believe you don't know what you are doing or saying. Go back to bed at once. Don't stand there catching cold. Why, what have you done to your foot? It is cut — it is bleeding!"

I looked down at my foot, and indeed there was a great cut there, and I had left



a track of blood behind me. I must have cut it against something on the kitchen floor.

"Does it not hurt you, Lucy?"

It was only at that moment that I felt it did; till then I had not even known of its existence; but I discovered now that it was throbbing and smarting.

"It hurts very much," I said pitifully, for I cannot bear pain.

"My poor child, what were you doing in the kitchen?"

"I can't tell you, papa. Do you know that the police were here last night, and searched the house?"

"Nonsense!"

"Oh, yes, they were. It is quite true."

"Why did you not tell me before?" he cried sternly. "Do you mean that they were searching for this wretch?"

"Yes. It was all so dreadful, I never thought about that, and only remembered it just this minute."

We had reached Amy's room door while we talked, and papa kissed me and bade me tie up my foot in a handkerchief and go to bed at once. He woke Amy, and told her that I was feverish and had been wandering about the house, not knowing what I did, and that she must look after me and take care of me.

To-day I was so ill they would not let me get up.

June 4th. I was so restless and miserable I could not stay in bed yesterday evening, and this morning I came down to breakfast. I don't know how I managed to drag through the day. It was horrible. No one who came to the house spoke of anything but capturing the murderer, and the greatest fear was expressed that he had escaped in a boat, and been carried off by some of the smugglers about the coast.

"Only, bad characters as they *are*," my father said, "I don't think they are bad enough for *that*. They would have given him up."

I felt then how wicked I had been. I had done worse than papa believed smugglers capable of. I had never seen him so angry or stern about anything. His one desire was to have the criminal punished, and his eagerness in assisting in the search quite astonished me. I was afraid to look him in the face.

In the evening we were at tea as usual, when the post came in. There was a letter from papa's old friend, Mr. Wilson, which drew off our attention for a short time from the one engrossing subject. It told a sad story of how he had discovered

that his eldest daughter had formed an engagement with a young officer without his knowledge. He was a man of bad character, and she had given him up now and her father had forgiven her.

"Wilson is a better Christian than I am, I fear," papa said, "though he is not a clergyman. I should find it hard to forgive either of you children if I found you had deceived me in anything. Thank God, I can trust you," and he looked at us very lovingly.

I stood up on my feet; despair was in my heart; I felt as if I were going to die, as if I *must* die. I could not bear life any longer. I rushed up to him, knelt down and looked in his face. I was trembling all over, but I could not speak a word or shed a tear.

He lifted me on his knees and held me in his arms very tenderly.

"My dear child," he said, "do not excite yourself so; you will seriously displease me if you do not try to control yourself. This must not be. We have all of us power of self-control, and —"

But even as he spoke I had fainted on his shoulder,—the second time I had fainted since that dreadful night. When I knew anything again I was in bed, and there they have made me stay; and I believe they have sent for a doctor to-day; and my head aches so I won't write any more.

June 25th. — I have been very ill with a fever, and this is the first day they have allowed me to amuse myself by writing, but I am getting well now. I have been reading my journal. They say the shock of hearing of Sir John's murder gave me a fever—a nervous fever, they call it. They little know how much more reason there was for my illness than the one they think sufficient. I do not wonder that fear and suspense and remorse made me ill.

The murderer has escaped. It is more than a month now, so he must be safe. And I have made up my mind to tell papa. I can't bear the misery and remorse of deceiving him; and when he comes and sits by my bedside every morning and reads to me and chats, it almost breaks my heart.

I don't know whether I have committed a crime and broken the law, or whether the lawyers can do anything to me. I believe what I have done is called misprision of murder, but I am not sure. I don't know whether I can be put in prison or transported, or whether papa can be heavily fined and ruined. I cannot think he will



consider it his duty to give me up to justice; but perhaps he will say I am very wicked, and will send me away from him. I am crying so much I can't write any more.

July 14th. — I think I am strong enough to write down what happened yesterday. Papa came in as usual after breakfast and gave me a kiss. I thought, perhaps that is the last kiss *like that* he will ever give me. He read to me; and I tried to gather strength from what he read to do right, and make my confession.

When he had finished, almost before the last word had been uttered, I was so afraid of my resolution giving way, I said, "Papa, I have something dreadful to tell you."

He just looked at me.

"I have been wicked, and I could not help it; and if it was to do over again, I should be just as bad."

Then he said very gravely: "You are talking wildly, Lucy. Every one can help yielding to temptation, if they take the right way."

"But I don't think it was temptation; it was nothing pleasant; I did not want to do it. It was dreadful, but I did it, and I am not sorry that I did it; and I know I should do it over again. Papa, is it not hard that such things should happen and we should not be able to help them?"

The stern look I knew so well and dreaded so much had come into my father's face, and I hid my eyes from it.

He answered me very gravely. "If you will tell me what you have done, Lucy, I shall be better able to point out to you how sinful it is to speak in this way."

Then my courage left me. He was angry already, though he knew nothing; what would he be when I had made my confession?

"I can't tell you," I cried.

"You *must*," he replied, with an air of authority. "I am extremely displeased at what you have said, and I insist on an explanation."

I trembled; but I was powerless. I could not set my will against his.

"Do you remember," I said at last, "the night of — the — murder — when you came home?"

"Of course I do," with the same grave displeasure.

And of course he did, it was a stupid way of beginning.

"Papa, the murderer was in my bedroom press."

He took my hand hastily and felt my

pulse in an alarmed manner. Then he sat down. He looked quite pale, with horror in his eyes.

"In your bedroom press?" he slowly repeated.

"Yes," I cried, and I poured it all out to him. I told him everything. How the sailor had come to me in the garden; how I had hidden him in my room; my terror when he told me of the murder; my dreadful thoughts in bed when I was undecided how to act; and how at last, I took the man down into the kitchen, gave him my Bible, let him out through the back door, and then met papa as I was returning to my room.

He walked up and down the apartment as I spoke, and he never interrupted me to say a word; but was silent all the time. It was better so, and I poured out my whole heart to him.

After I had finished he was still silent and continued his pacing up and down. Then it became hard to bear. He was judging me; what would my sentence be? I dared not say a word in extenuation nor utter an entreaty for pardon. I knew a fault must be repented and, if possible, atoned for, before papa would listen to the offender. I knew how stern he could be, how severe, and yet how kind and how just. At that moment I loved him as I had never done yet, at that moment when he might be going to send me from him, as too wicked to be his child, or a companion for Amy.

At last he spoke.

"This is a very sad story, Lucy. You have passed through a terrible trial, and I pity you very much. You must try to calm yourself, and to be as little excited as you can, for you are not at all strong."

"Oh, papa, papa; will you love me still and not send me away from you?"

I was crying so much that I could hardly speak. He leaned over me and kissed me.

"I will not send you away, my child, and I do love you. But I will not allow another word to be said about it at present. You are too much agitated, and will make yourself ill again. Some day when you are stronger we will talk it over together, and see where you have been wrong and how you could have acted differently."

He kissed me again and left me. Dear, kind, good, tender father, how can I love you enough?

August 21st. — I have been very slow in my recovery but I am nearly quite well now. Papa never spoke to me again about the murder till to-day, but we have

just had a long conversation on the subject. I hope I shall feel calmer and more at ease. I sometimes think of it all till I don't know what to do. I feel as if I had left, not my childhood only, for I am not a child now, but my youth behind me on that fatal night; as if I could never be light-hearted again.

Well, after a little talk about it, papa asked me if I knew I had broken the law of the land. This frightened me; but I said I had never been sure about that, and I asked him if I had been accessory after the fact, for I had some idea that that was what I had done.

He told me that by the law every subject was bound to give up a criminal, and could be punished for not doing so. And then he said that my act had placed him in the most painful position he had ever found himself in during his whole life. He explained to me that being a magistrate as well as a clergyman, he owed duties to the government; and that, after much serious thought, he had made up his mind he should be neglecting these duties if he kept this matter a secret. Accordingly, he had written a statement to the home secretary, who was a friend of his, to the effect that on the night of the second of June, a young sailor, who was believed to be the murderer of Sir John Gray, had been concealed in his house for some hours by a member of his household, a girl of sixteen. I believe I gave a little scream at that. He had been kept, he continued, a whole fortnight in cruel suspense before the answer came which relieved his mind, for the home secretary had evidently no intention of advising him to take any steps in consequence of his letter.

"In consideration of your recent illness and state of nervous weakness, Lucy," he went on to say, "I saved you from the knowledge of what I had done till the illness was over. But for that I should have told you at first, for when people take a great responsibility on themselves, as you did, I consider that they ought to bear the consequences, whatever they may be."

I thanked him earnestly, and then pondering on his words I exclaimed: "But it would have been a much greater responsibility to have had him hanged!"

"My dear, in that case, had you refused to harbor him, you would have taken no responsibility on yourself at all; you would simply have done your duty, and obeyed the law of the country you live in. You did not know whether he would be

hanged or acquitted or pardoned; but whatever happened it was nothing to you; your duty was to obey the law. The minute you heard my story of the murder you should have told me."

"But I fainted."

"You recovered; you are not fainting still; you were not fainting when you let him out through the kitchen."

"And if he had not repented—if he had been—hanged unrepentant?" I shuddered and hid my face in my hands.

"That may have been the very means intended to bring about his repentance, and he may now be leading a life of sin—adding crime to crime—and making pardon and penitence more and more difficult. But with all that you had nothing to do; you had no right to look forward—the duty—your own duty—of the moment—was all you had to deal with."

"I am sorry that I can't be sorry, papa. *That* troubles me now. I know he won't be hanged, and you have forgiven me, and the lawyers won't do anything to me, so I am much happier; but I am sorry that I am not sorry. I *can't* repent having saved a man's life. And it puzzles me in my prayers, for I can't pray to be strengthened another time to get a man hanged, or to be made to repent that I did not let this one be hanged."

"You are not likely to be tried again," said my father dryly; "such a circumstance does not happen twice in a lifetime. But I'll tell you what you can do, you can pray to be forgiven your sins, whatever they may be, and for strength to sin no more. Do this in all sincerity, and don't trouble yourself with analyzing your thoughts and feelings. It has been a very hard trial for a young girl. Try to do your duty for the future, and don't think more about the past than you can help."

"Dearest papa, I will try and do everything you tell me with all my might; and you won't be vexed that I can't be sorry. Perhaps when I am older," I added very thoughtfully, "I may think differently about getting a man hanged. I am but a girl now, you know. I will follow your advice, and I like it. I will try to do right and not worry."

Papa kissed me. "Good girl," he said. "I will not expect more than that from you. Perhaps if we are both of us alive twenty years hence, you and I may talk over this matter again."

"Twenty years! Good gracious, papa, I shall be six-and-thirty, so frightfully old to talk about anything!"

Papa looked a little grave. "Oblige

me, my dear, by not saying good gracious; it is very unladylike."

I blushed and begged his pardon. Papa is very particular, but I think I like him all the better for being particular.

June 19th.—Westbeed. Two years have passed since that terrible occurrence. I am eighteen to-day. I remember when I thought it would be quite old to be eighteen; *too* much grown up, even when I considered to *grow* up the most desirable thing on earth. Eighteen to-day and as much a girl as ever, and no longer thinking that to be *twenty* is to be old. Yet things have happened that might make me feel how time passes, and what momentous events it brings with it. Amy is twenty, and is as soft, tender, placid, and sweet, as young and girlish as ever. But Amy is engaged to be married, and even that does not make me feel old.

We have come to the seaside for the summer, a gay watering-place as well as a pretty one. Fred Langley is with us; it is a delightful neighborhood for lovers' walks; we are all as happy as possible. We arrived late to-night, and to-morrow I expect that perfect happiness will begin. I have not stayed at the seaside since I was a child, and I know I shall delight in the rocks and the sands and the pebbly beach. I took one walk out, though it was almost dark when we arrived, just to hear the pleasant sound of my feet crunching among the stones.

June 20th.—I have had a sort of a shock to-day. But I must try not to let myself be influenced by it. It would be inexcusable if I allowed any of the nervousness of two years ago to return on me, now I am strong and in good health.

I ran out, full of spirits, before breakfast this morning—the lovers were not up yet, more shame to them; lovers should be forever enjoying this beautiful world; and as a matter of course I was standing as soon as possible on the light foam that rested on the sands, marking the line from which the waves had just retired. I inhaled sea breezes, I smelt sea smells, I saw sea sights, I heard sea sounds, I was happy.

Suddenly I saw a boat being dragged down near to where I stood, dragged down by four sailors. Their dress and something about them sent a thrill through me. And then, one man turning round, I beheld a dark, thin face, with a pair of blue eyes in it, and the thrill came again. A perfect shiver, horribly intense; the kind which creeps over one, coming one

knows not why or from whence, at the call of a ghost story that sounds *too* true.

And was it not for a ghost that I felt it now? A ghost coming back from the dead days of the past?

I do not suppose that dark-faced, blue-eyed sailor is the lad I hid two years ago. He is not as tall, I think, as that lad was, and he looks older than he would be now. Besides, what can be more unlikely than that he is the same? I have an idea, too, that Sir John's murderer had sharply cut, handsome features, and the man whose blue eyes looked at me over the boat this morning, though rather good-looking, cannot be said to have such. I have no thought that it is the same; indeed the notion is simply absurd; but I am vexed to find that the mere fact of his sailor dress, dark skin, and blue eyes possess such power over me. I did not think the impression made by that night's adventure was so deep.

June 24th.—I have battled with my fears, and look undaunted in the face of every sailor that passes me. When that one frightened me the first day, I found, to my surprise, that I had no clear recollection of the features of the murderer. He was rather tall and thin, I am nearly sure—looking a mere lad. He had a mahogany skin, and light blue eyes, that sparkled or seemed to do so, perhaps, in contrast with that dark complexion, and I have an impression of a handsome face—but that is all. Yet if it were not that I feel a conviction that if I saw the man again I should remember him suddenly and entirely,—I declare if it were not for that conviction, I should say that I could not take my oath that the sailor at the boat was *not* he. But of all the improbable things on earth the most improbable is that he and I should ever meet again. The man, if he is alive, will take care never to return to England. He would get employment abroad, and not set his foot on these shores, where he would forever be in danger of his life. I *know* I cannot see the man again, and I must not be such a goose as to let his ghost haunt me.

Sept. 1st.—I am going to-night to my first ball. How I have longed for my first ball ever since I knew what a ball meant! How I have longed to accompany Amy, when charmingly dressed and looking charming, she has issued forth with Lady Freeman, who always acted as her chaperon, to the few dances our neighborhood affords. And now my turn has arrived, and I am in great luck to come in for a ball here.

Sept. 2nd. — Such a happy evening. I never enjoyed myself so much. Nay, that is saying little — I never knew that there was such enjoyment to be had.

I made a great discovery, and an extremely pleasant one. I knew that Amy was pretty, but I had not an idea that I was. In fact I never thought about it. I cannot understand now, how it was I never thought about it — but I never did. And last night, all of a sudden, I found out that I was one of the belles of the room. "The pretty Miss Lees," were talked about everywhere, and I was called the prettiest! Of course that is nonsense, for Amy *is* prettier than I am, but still it was delightful, and such a surprise. And though I never thought about it before, I find that being pretty makes life twice as pleasant as it was. I was dancing all last night, and I could dance all to-day for joy.

We were dressed alike, in white, filmy gauze robes, with red roses in our hair and on our breasts. The rooms were brilliantly lighted and full of pretty people and dresses. Everybody was kind, and cherished and made much of me because I was young and at my first ball. Everybody seemed pleased to look at me, and glad to see me happy, and then, by-and-by, I found out the pleasant secret that I was a pretty girl. I danced with agreeable men and good dancers. But the evening was about a quarter gone before the event happened, and the pleasure became ever so much more than at first. It came about in this wise.

Mrs. Chiston, at whose house the ball was, said to me laughing: "Here is another man who *will* be introduced to you, Miss Lee. Mr. Chiston says his arm is nearly pulled off by questioners asking who you are."

I felt myself blushing and smiling with pleasure as she murmured her introductions, of course inaudibly. I think I only heard the name of one man out of all the many strangers I was introduced to last night, but what's in a name? A man with any other name can waltz as well, and this nameless one waltzed the best of all.

He is the handsomest man I ever saw in my life. Tall, with broad shoulders, and strong, well-knit frame. A thorough Saxon, with fair complexion and hair, statue-like features, and an expression that no sculptor's hand ever yet bestowed on statue's face; all sweetness and manliness; with that slight melancholy in it that is irresistibly bewitching because it speaks of a higher order of mind, with aspirations that earth cannot satisfy.

I think if I had not by this time discovered that I was pretty, the way in which this man looked at me would have told me. There was admiration and more even than admiration in his eyes. It was a beautiful expression that I cannot define or put into words, but which was, I think, due more to the goodness of his own heart than of his face. And somehow it was an expression that made me feel at home with him at once. It was as if he had been always looking for something that he had found in me, and that he was content now he had found it. He was as agreeable as he was handsome, and he had that peculiar power about him that made those whom he conversed with agreeable also. I felt that I was at my very best in my talk, and that feeling, joined to his evident admiration, enhanced all my pleasure. After dancing with him I did not care for any other partner. I grudged every waltz I had to give away from him owing to engagements I had formed before we were introduced. I gladly shirked some of them to sit out with him. I was full of joy when we strolled together in the garden under the soft, kindly moonlight; and I was almost too happy when his manoeuvres succeeded and he managed to secure me for the dance before supper, notwithstanding my previous engagement to everybody else.

Yet all this time I did not feel as if I was flirting, nor did it occur to me that any one else could consider that I was doing so. There was a seriousness in his manner and a melancholy in his face that to my mind raised our intercourse far above flirtation. Not that I thought this consciously, for truth to say, I did not think about it at all — I simply enjoyed myself — and I did that more than I had ever done in my life before, and in a different way.

It was only when Fred Langley said to me as we returned home, "Well, Loo, you *have* been going it — you have done the business of that poor young man for him," that any idea beyond simple happiness, almost unconscious of itself, crossed my mind.

I am very fond of my future brother-in-law, but at that moment I thought him stupid and vulgar and wished he wouldn't.

Sept. 3rd. — Another day of enchantment. My nameless hero was at the picnic we had been invited to join, and he never left my side all day. Amy was not well, and of course Fred the devoted stayed at home with her, and papa hates picnics. I was, therefore, in Mrs. Chis-

ton's charge, which was the same thing as being in nobody's charge at all. She at once turned me over to my new friend when she found he wanted me, and was too busy talking herself to attend to anyone else's affairs.

I think a picnic is much better managed than a ball, because at a ball people surround you directly and write their names on your card; and, do what you will, you must dance with more than one man; while at a picnic, if one man wishes it and manages well, you can belong to him all the time, and that in a natural sort of way and without making yourself at all particular. My hero *did* wish it, and managed uncommonly well. By the end of that long, blissful summer day I felt as if I had known him all my life, and that that life was glorified by the knowledge. Oh, what a day it was! Were skies ever so blue before, or will the shadows from the trees ever lie again with such exquisite grace on the grass? I inhaled joy with every breath I drew.

We talked about everything. He has travelled a great deal, and travelled with his eyes open, and he is full of talent and taste. I should not be in the least surprised if he is a man of genius, and yet I never found it so easy to talk to any one before. He seems to like everything I say, and to find something better in it than I knew the words expressed. I could not make out if he has any profession, and to this moment I do not know his name.

But that amuses me so exceedingly that I would not learn it on any account. I have carefully abstained from asking the question of anybody. It is so delightfully incongruous to feel more intimate with this man in two days than with most of those I have known all my life, and the height of all is, that I do not even know his name.

He knows mine, so he has not the same pleasure that I have, and perhaps he is so wise it would not be any pleasure to him. He calls me Miss Lee and once or twice Miss Lucy Lee. I wonder what his Christian name is. I don't much care about his surname, but I should like to know the other.

All that's bright must fade,  
The brightest still the fleetest;  
All that's sweet was made  
But to be lost when sweetest.

And so this blissful day came to an end, and we parted. He held my hand in his

to say good-bye. His fingers closed round it. Why is the touch of some fingers so different from that of others? I never before felt a thrill run over me at the clasp of any hand. He pressed mine so softly that I more knew than felt that there was any pressure at all, and he whispered more than said, "Do not forget me."

Forget him! as if that were possible! Why, I shall remember him as long as I live. Has not my acquaintance with him changed, in some strange manner, my whole life, giving me a sort of feeling as if I had never lived before, dividing that life into two halves; one half containing eighteen years, the other two days — and the little half, all in all!

I trod on air as I ran up-stairs to Amy's room. She was in bed, but much better, nearly recovered from the slight cold she had caught, and eager to hear an account of my day. First telling me that she had had a "good time" with Fred, though papa had insisted on her going to bed early.

I told her everything, and she listened with smiling interest; but even while I was in the midst of my happy story I was called by papa. He had just had a telegram telling him of the sudden dangerous illness of my Aunt Elinor, whom we had left in charge of the parsonage during our absence. It was necessary that we should return home by the first train next morning, and I must set to work to pack up my things and Amy's also, and she must get a good long night's rest to make her fit for the journey to-morrow. This was all so unexpected and startling that it left me hardly time to think about anything; but when I kissed Amy and bade her good-night, she whispered softly in my ear: "And what about never marrying now, Lucy, as you used to say in the days gone by? What about nobody ever being so good as papa?"

I stared in her face utterly astonished. What could she mean? What possible connection was there between her questions and anything that had happened? Then as the meaning flashed suddenly upon me I grew angry and blazed up into wrath.

"As if it could make any possible difference," I cried, full of indignation. "Why should I marry? Of course I never shall. Is not papa just the same as he ever was? Amy, I am ashamed of you." And I marched out of the room, my head in the air, and went to bed in a rage.



From Blackwood's Magazine.  
THE SCOTLAND OF MARY STUART.

## NO. III.

## LEARNING AND LETTERS.

THE pastoral life is associated in idyllic poetry with simple tastes and abundance of leisure. Corydon lies on the banks of the stream all day long, and makes love to Phyllis. If his tastes are ruder and rougher, he hunts the deer with his dogs. He has no theatre within easy reach, but in the village ale-house there is gossip, and perhaps a song, of a winter night. Pastoral life in Scotland was probably much like pastoral life anywhere else — only a little sterner, a little more exacting, than in the south. Foreign visitors who ventured to cross the Tweed, found that while the women were easy in their manners, and "addicted to love," the men, young and old, rich and poor, were passionately fond of hunting. The Edinburgh townsmen had their Robin Hood and Abbot of Unreason — the thousand distractions of a busy and crowded capital; but in the country the love of sport was universal and exclusive of every other, and the number of wild animals in early times had been so enormous, and the forest police so inefficient, that the passion was easily gratified.

Of the Caledonian bear, famous in the Roman arena, only a faint tradition remained. He had been extirpated at a remote period. So (except at one doubtful station on Loch Ness) had the beaver. But the wolf, the boar, and the wild white cattle were still not uncommon. When Leland wrote, even the southern part of Britain was covered with immense woods. Needwood was not far from the metropolis, and Needwood forest was twenty-four miles in circumference; while Channock Chase, the woodlands of Stafford, the wild country round Buxton and the Peak, connected the midland with the Border forests. A mighty forest, which included Ettrick and others, extended from Chillingham to Hamilton; further north the *Silva Caledonia* ran through Monteith and Strathern to Athol and Lochaber. From these vast solitudes it was difficult to dislodge their savage inmates. The fierce wild boar — routing for acorns or wallowing in the mire — lurked among the reeds which fringed the western meres; so late as 1617 they were, we learn, still met with at Whalley. Of all the wild creatures, however, the wolf was the most troublesome and the most tenacious. He was an Ishmael from his birth; outside

the beasts of venery and the forest, any one might kill him and his whelps. But it was difficult to find their breeding-places, and the young were cunningly hidden among the rushes, furze, and rocks of the most inaccessible thickets. "They were richt noisome," Bellenden says, "to the tame bestial in all parts of Scotland;" and the sheep were folded nightly to escape their ravages. About the Blackwater and Rannoch, the passes were often rendered dangerous by reason of the multitude of rabid droves by which they were infested; and "spittals" — or shelters — had to be provided for the protection of belated travellers. The western Celts, indeed, had frequently to seek for burial-places on the islands along the coast — the brutes disinterring the dead who were buried on the mainland. Between 1427 and 1577, numerous acts for their destruction were passed by the Parliament. The last great outbreak occurred during Mary's reign; and though several of the great woods were thereafter burnt down to root them out, they were not finally exterminated till towards the close of the seventeenth century. The wild white cattle were originally denizens of the Caledonian forest. They must have been in their prime — indeed they still are — noble animals; the cow delicate and finely limbed as a hind; the bull of purest white, with black muzzle and "mane of snow." Lord Fleming complained bitterly in 1570, that the Lennox faction had slain and destroyed the white kye and bulls of his forest of Cumbernauld, "to the great destruction of policy and hinder of the common weal." "For that kind of kye and bulls has been keptit these many years in the said forest," and the like were not to be found in any other part of the island — "as is well known." The race, however, is not yet extinct, if, as is probable, the herds at Cadzow and Chillingham represent the ancient breed.

Though the larger beasts of the chase had been considerably thinned out by the middle of the sixteenth century, immense quantities of game, from the red deer to the golden plover, were then to be found in every district of Scotland. Game was a common and favorite article of food — though if it is true that the rank guillemot from the Bass was esteemed a delicacy among the upper classes, the taste of our ancestors cannot have been very fastidious. They had no Wild Birds Protection Act; but a close time for grouse, plover, partridges, and black game had been prescribed by Parliament, and ex-



tended from Lent to August. There were acts also against the taking of their eggs, and in 1565 the shooting of water-fowl was absolutely prohibited. This may have been the consequence of Mary's visit to Fife in January of that year, when, as Knox complains, she was magnificently banqueted everywhere, "so that such superfluity was never seen before within this realm; which caused the wild-fowl to be so dear that partridges were sold for a crown apiece." Such a price was of course entirely exceptional; in ordinary years, as we learn from accounts that have been preserved, a wild goose could be had for two shillings, a swan or crane for five, a partridge for eightpence, while plover, dottrel, curlew, wild duck, teal, lapwing, redshank, cost fourpence each. From the royal household books it appears that, in addition to the birds just named, woodcock, blackcock, moor-fowl, larks, and sea-larks were usually to be found in the royal larder.

Both James V. and his daughter were fond of the chase. Mary was much at Falkland—a charming palace on the eastern slope of the Lomonds—where she could hunt and hawk at her leisure; and during the numerous journeys she made from one end of the kingdom to the other, she had abundant opportunity to enjoy her favorite amusement. Historians who have dwelt upon the indolent and voluptuous habits of the queen (they have represented her as reading French novels in bed till midday) cannot be aware that during her stay in Scotland, half of each year at least was spent in the saddle. Until her health broke, after her confinement, Mary was one of the hardiest of women; she was frequently absent from the capital for months at a time—moving about from house to house, and seldom resting at one place for more than a night or two. Day after day she must have been in the saddle from early morning till dark; and to her companions in these expeditions the assertion (afterwards made by Buchanan and others) that a ride from Jedburgh to Hermitage and back was an unaccountable and unprecedented experience, would appear sufficiently absurd.

Several records of these royal hunting-parties have been preserved. James V., who on occasion would, as Pitscottie says, "ride out through any part of the realm him alone, unknown that he was king," occasionally took his court and the greatest of his nobles along with him to the hunting-field. The sport in Meggatland, when Huntly, Argyll, and Athole brought

their deer-hounds, was not confined to the eighteen score of deer that were slain; for as the same quaint and veracious chronicler adds significantly, "After this hunting the king hangit Johnie Armstrange." At the great Athole hunt in 1529 there were killed "thirty score of hart and hind, with other small beasts, sic as roe and roebuck, woulff, fox, and wild cattis." Again, in the year 1563, Athole was the scene of a "royal hunting," at which Mary was present. For two months the redshanks had been driving the deer from the surrounding mountains into one compact body, so that not less than two thousand red deer, besides roe and fallow, had been collected in Glen Tilt before the royal party arrived. One of the queen's dogs being let loose upon a wolf, scared the main body, which broke through the beaters; yet the slaughter was great. Three hundred and sixty deer, with five wolves, and some roes, made up a goodly bag.\*

I have said that St. Andrews had become the ecclesiastical capital of Scotland—it was now also the scholastic; though the University of Aberdeen, a more recent erection, had already enlisted some distinguished teachers and produced some famous scholars. Even Leslie, while deploring the theological heresies which had taken root in its colleges, was ready to admit that philosophy and the "humanities" were excellently taught. "The city of St. Andrews," he says, "is the chief and mother city of the realm, where is a famous university and a notable school. Would to God," he continues, "they flourished as well in their theology as they flourish in their philosophy and other humane studies!" I do not know if any minute or vivid picture of its scholastic life prior to the Reformation has been preserved; and by the time that James Melville entered its walls, "the many fair, great, and excellent bells of St. Andrews"—reminding the iconoclasts of the noble church they had wrecked—had been carried off, with much else that was characteristic of the bygone time. It is probable, however, from the bishop's remark,

\* These monster huntings long continued popular. Taylor, who was in Scotland in 1619, and who had brought with him introductions to the Earl of Mar and Sir William Murray of Abercrombie, found that they had gone to hunt at "Brea of Marr." He overtook them at Braemar, where hundreds of Celts, wearing kilts, drove the deer to the sportsmen, who in the space of two hours bagged "eighty fat deer." Among the game, "caperkellies and termagants" (capercaillie and ptarmigan) are included. After supper, in the gloaming, they lighted a fire of firwood "as high as a May-pole."

that the curriculum of "ethnic" or liberal study at the university did not suffer any radical change at the instance of the Reformers, who indeed, after the first irrepressible outburst, do not appear to have retained any considerable influence in that conservative seat of letters.\* Though Melville was not born till 1556—and one of his earliest recollections was the bonfires that blazed when James the Sixth was born—the narrative of his school and college career may be held to represent with substantial accuracy the character of the schooling which Scotsmen received during the minority of Mary.

James Melville (the nephew of the more celebrated Andrew, but a churchman of mark and repute in his time) was born in his father's house of Baldov, near Montrose, and his early education was received in the neighborhood. His father, who had studied theology with Doctor Macabeus in Denmark, and had "sat under" Philip Melancthon at Wittenberg, was the minister of the parish of Meriton, and appears to have been a mild and sweet-tempered man, devoted to the little boy whose mother had died soon after his birth. "A verie honest burges of Montros has oft tauld me that my father wold lay me down on my back, playing with me, and lauch at me, because I could not rise, I was so fat; and wold ask me what ailed me. I wold answer, 'I am sa fat I may not gang.'" About the fifth year of his age the "grate Buik" was put into his hand; but as he made little progress in reading, he was sent when seven to a school, taught by the minister of Logie. "We learned there the rudiments of the Latin grammar, with the vocables in Latin and French; also divers speeches in French, with the reading and right pronunciation of that tongue. We proceeded further to the etymologie of Lilius and his syntax, as also a little of the syntax of Linacre; therewith was joined Hunter's Nomenclatura, the Minora Colloquia of Erasmus, and some of the Eclogs of Virgil and Epistles of Horace; also Cicero, his epistles *ad Terentium*." "I was at that school the space of almost five years, in the quhilk time, of public news I remember, I heard of the marriage of Hen-

drie and Marie, King and Queen of Scots, Seingnour Davie's slauchter, of the King's murder at the Kirk of Field, of the Queen's taking at Carberry, and the Langside field." "Also I remember weill how we passed to the head of the town to see the fire of joy burning upon the steeple head of Montrose at the day of the king's birth." When he returned home, his sister Isabel would read and sing to him "David Lindsay's book concerning the latter judgment, the pains of hell and joys of heaven, whereby she would cause me baith greet and be glad;" and he himself would rehearse, in the Church of Montrose, Calvin's Catechism "on the Sabbath at afternoon." There came also at that time to Montrose a "post that frequented Edinburgh," and brought back psalm-books and "ballates" of Robert Semple's making, as well as Wedderburn's songs.

Melville went to St. Andrews in 1571, and entered in the course of philosophy under Mr. William Collace, "who had the estimation of the maist solid and lernit in Aristotle's Philosophie. Then he gave us a compend of his awin of Philosophie and the parts thereof—of Dialectic, of Definition, of Division, of Enunciation, and of a Syllogisme Enthymen, and Induction." There were thirty-six scholars in the class; but a little lad named David Eliston was far away the best, passing the others "as the aigle the howlet." "We enterit in the Organ of Aristotle's Logics that year, and learnt till the Demonstrations." "I wald gladly have been at the Greek and Hebrew tongues; but the languages were not to be gotten in the land." "But of all the benefits I had that year was the coming of that most notable prophet and apostle of our nation, Mr. John Knox, to St. Andrews." "Mr. Knox would sometimes come in, and repose him in our college yard, and call us scholars unto him and bless us, and exhort us to know God and His wark in our country, and stand by the guid cause, to use our time weill, and learn the guid instructions, and follow the guid example of our masters."

Melville's later "testimony" does not concern us here; but these notices of his early life are very graphic. Knox is particularly identified with the institution of the parish school, and there can be no doubt that he was genuinely anxious to extend and improve the educational machinery of the time. It does not appear, however, that during his life any considerable advance was made. The nobles were greedy;

\* Melville's account of Knox's relations with the St. Andrews professors of "the humanities" appears to show that the Reformer was rather apprehensive of the effects of "ethnic" or secular learning upon his scholars. His attitude, indeed, to the "Auld and New Colleges," was strained, if not hostile; it was "necessary above all things" (to quote his own words, as recorded by Richard Bannatyne) "to preserve the Church from the bondage of the Universities."

the ministers miserably poor; there were no funds available for the endowment of parochial teachers, and few were appointed till a much later period. The schools that were to be found in communities like Montrose had existed for many years, and were originally connected with the neighboring monasteries. The monks were abolished, but the schools remained; and though of course affected by the teaching of the Reformers, and reflecting the progress of religious opinion, were really a survival from the Catholic Church.

A printing-press had been established in Scotland before the battle of Flodden was fought (1507 is the date commonly assigned); but the number of books issued during the next fifty years was inconsiderable. The editions of popular poems and acts of Parliament, printed before the close of Mary's reign, that have been preserved, are now rare and costly; a copy of the Scots Acts, which had been bought for a few shillings in 1779, was recently sold for upwards of £150. Almost all the books published in Scotland till a quite recent period, indeed, have become extremely scarce; they were bought for use, and not for show, and have, in fact, been "thumbed" out of existence. The chap-books that were carried about the country by the chapmen on their stout little nags were mostly "blasphemous rhymes,"—the concise and not too flattering criticism which the Churchmen who drew the statute of 1551 applied to such compositions as the "Guid and Godly Ballates." It is difficult to determine what proportion of the current literature of the first half of the sixteenth century in Scotland—the contemporary prose and verse—had been committed to print; but it may be assumed that it was not large, and that much of it remained in manuscript,—the manuscript being transmitted from hand to hand, and copied as opportunity served. The old popular songs of Scotland, which sprang from the soil as did the Border ballad, have perished; and had it not been for the industry of Maitland and Bannatyne, even the more elaborate productions of a *literary* poet like Dunbar might have been lost. Some of his most characteristic poems, indeed, were included in the earliest volume printed at the Edinburgh press in 1508 by Chapman and Miller; but the antiquaries of the last century were not aware that a single copy of that volume was in existence. The few tattered pages of the only copy that has been recovered are now in the Advocates' Library.

It may be said with very little exaggeration, that nearly the whole literature produced in Scotland up to this time had taken the form of verse.\* We have now gained, I hope, a more or less clear understanding of the material condition of the people; unless we know something of the subjects that enlisted their sympathies, appealed to their tastes, and delighted their imagination, we shall fail to understand what manner of men they were. Religion, politics, literature, are the three most potent forces that mould society; the religion and politics of the age must be separately treated; but before I close this chapter, a brief survey of Scottish literature as a moral and spiritual factor in the formation of the Scottish character, as well as the intellectual atmosphere of the men and women who were the contemporaries of Lethington, may not be uninviting or uninteresting.

The forms which Scottish poetry assumed between the age of Thomas the Rhymer and the age of Sir David Lindsay are capable of broad, if somewhat rough, definition. Scottish poetry had passed through three distinct stages; the writers who found their themes in the mediæval romance had been succeeded by the writers who found their themes in the national history; and these in their turn by writers who may be described as didactic—the poets of morality, speculation, reflection, analysis. The last class may be divided again into the euphuistic and realistic schools,—the earlier didactic poetry being as a rule distinguished by such extravagance of conceit and fantastic quaintness of invention as we find in the Elizabethan euphuists; the later by a quite remarkable sincerity, simplicity, and caustic force. Until we come to Burns, indeed, we do not find anything in Scottish literature more terse and incisive, more direct and trenchant, than the satire of Dunbar.

The mediæval story of Arthur and his knights was perhaps the only "light literature" to be found in the Scottish mansion-house up to the close of the fourteenth century. James of Douglas, lord of Dalkeith, in 1392, made a testament, in which he left to one friend "all of my

\* In fact, the only considerable work in the vernacular, written before the death of James V., was Bellen-den's translation of Hector Boece's "History of the Scottish People." It is an admirable specimen of the Scots tongue at its best; and, as the archdeacon did not adhere very closely to his text, it has much of the spirit and vigor of an original work. The first edition of the "Scotorum Historie" was printed at Paris in 1527, and the translation appeared in 1536, printed at Edinburgh by Thomas Davidson.

books of grammar and dialectic," and to another "all my books, as well of civil law and statutes of the kingdom of Scotland as of *romance*." The schoolmen, the statutes of the realm, and the romance-writers, — these were the works, and the only works, that the library of one of the great Scottish nobles then contained. Very little, however, is known of the Scottish romance writers. In Barbour's poem, the fugitive Bruce, to lighten the monotony of their exile, reads to his friends "the romance of worthy Ferembras;" and there are occasional allusions, in other writers, to this early form of fiction. The romance of "Sir Tristrem" \* is said to have been written by Thomas Learmonth of Ercildoun, the "Geste of Kyng Horn" being also ascribed to him, as well as that strange and fancifully picturesque ballad upon his interview with the Queen of Faerie, and his descent into elf-land, which is familiar to all lovers of poetry. Besides the "Sir Tristrem" of the Rhymer, one or two other fragments of the Scottish romance poet — the most important of which are assigned to "the gude Schir Hew of Eglinton" — have been preserved. But they are hardly of a stamp to make us regret that so many have perished. The poetry is as indifferent as the morality. The ethical system of the mediæval romance is certainly a very curious and rather perplexing business. Reverence for the honor of woman is said to have been the absorbing sentiment of the knightly religion; yet there are few of the heroines of chivalry who do not live in *notour* adultery; and the most valiant knight at the tourney or on the battle-field is commonly the most dissolute in domestic life. The marriage vow is never strictly observed, and is constantly treated with open or implied contempt; while the relation between the lover and his mistress is regarded as far more binding and sacred. The faithless wife may be extenuated and extolled; but the woman who is false to her paramour merits the last penalties that the courts of the gay science can inflict. A generation which has accepted the Tennysonian version of the Arthurian legend will be surprised, and probably shocked, by the strength of the invective which the learned Roger Ascham directed against the Knights of the Round Table, and the ladies whose favors they wore. "In our forefathers' time, when Papistrie as a

standing pool covered and overflowed all England, few books were red in our toong, saving certayne books of chivalrie, as they sayd, for pastime and pleasure, which, as some say, were made in monasteries by idle monks and wanton chanons. . . . This is good stuff for wise men to laughe at, or honest men to take pleasure at. Yet I know when God's Bible was banished the Court, and 'Morte Arthure' receaved into the Prince's chamber. What toys the daily reading of such a booke may worke in the will of a yong gentleman or a yong maide, that liveth welthely and idly, wise men can judge and honest men doe pittie."

The songs which the people sung are lost; only the well-known lines about the golden age of Alexander III. (preserved by Wyntown), and as many about the great victory at Bannockburn, have come down to us. So that until we reach Barbour, the first of the annalists, the names even of the "makeris" have been forgotten.

The notion of throwing the history of the world into irregular verse could only have occurred to men who were very ingenious, very idle, and intensely prosaic. These, for the most part, were exactly the kind of persons who undertook the work. The annalists were ecclesiastics who had been taught the scholastic philosophy and the scholastic theology. Any kind of literary occupation must have been welcome to men of scholarly accomplishment, who, shut up in remote monasteries, were divorced from the affections of domestic and the ambitions of public life. The metrical chronicles in which the fables of history or the traditions of the people were reproduced with tedious fidelity in involved and ungraceful rhyme, cannot be approved as poetry. But they are valuable to the historian. Though the men who composed them were not gifted with the vision and faculty divine, or indeed with much literary aptitude of any kind, their accounts of contemporary events may generally be relied on, and their pictures of ancient manners are sometimes graphic, and always useful and interesting.

It would be excessively unjust, however, to class John Barbour with the common herd of annalists. The archdeacon of Aberdeen was an authentic poet.

Barbour was born at Aberdeen in the early part of the fourteenth century, and he lived till near its close. He was educated at Aberbrothick, but he frequently visited Oxford (as the safe-conducts granted by the English king bear) "for pur-

\* An admirable version of "Sir Tristrem," edited by George P. McNeill, LL.B., Advocate, has been lately issued by the Scottish Text Society.

poses of study." By the year 1375, "The Bruce," he tells us, was about half finished; and a few years afterwards, a pension of twenty shillings a year was bestowed upon him in acknowledgment of his services by King Robert II. He appears to have been a voluminous writer. Wyntown mentions a work on the genealogy of the Scottish kings, compiled by the archdeacon; and Henry the Minstrel thus alludes to him in his "Wallace:"

Master Barbour, quilk was a worthi clerk;  
He said the Bruce among his other werk.

A contemporary of Chaucer, Barbour is entitled to a place not far removed from that occupied by the father of English poetry. "The Bruce" is unquestionably a great work. It relates a heroic story with force, fire, and picturesqueness. That story had been only recently concluded. Barbour had spoken with the men who fought at Bannockburn. The hearts of the people still beat high when they recalled the great victory which had secured their freedom. To this intimate connection with the actors the animated earnestness of the poem is to be ascribed. The interest which the author expresses is not feigned. He relates a story in which he thoroughly believes, and which engages his keenest sympathies. The cause of Bruce is the cause of freedom and of the Scottish people; those who have betrayed it or its friends are traitors to liberty, and as such are sternly denounced. "In hell condemnhyt mot they be." Such is the spirit of the writer, who was evidently in other respects a man of liberal cultivation, moderate in opinion, and, like many of the Scottish ecclesiastics, not intolerant in religion. His book is in consequence full of life. There is a glow on the page. Easy, simple, unpretentious in tone — garrulous sometimes as a village gossip — the archdeacon fires up, rises into strong, clear, emphatic speech, whenever any noble deed stirs his imagination or provokes his sympathy. His cheek flushes and his pulse throbs. This is the charm of "The Bruce." It is clear as noonday that this courteous dignitary of the Church, who derives ten pounds a year from the customs of Aberdeen, loves truth and freedom and the right loyally, and hates whatever is mean, or shabby, or base, or dishonest. His eye moistens when he records the woman-like tenderness which his hero extends to the weak; and the noble words on freedom come direct from his heart. The figures who move on his pages are drawn, moreover, with individ-

ual distinctness and distinction of outline. His insight into character is really fine, and he sometimes introduces a slight touch of rare excellence — so excessively truthful, delicate, and refined, that it comes on us as a surprise. One only of these characteristic touches can be noted here. Bruce, with his own arm, has barred a narrow pass against a host of enemies, and when the battle is over, the soldiers crowd round their leader.

Syk wordis spak thai of the king,  
And for his hey wndretaking  
Farlyit, and yarnyt hym for to se,  
That with hym ay wes wont to be.

They long to look upon him as if they had never looked upon him before. The great deed has removed him from them; he has become strange to them, as a prophet becomes strange to his brethren when he returns from the innermost sanctuary with the glory of the Lord about his head. This eager curiosity of the companions who had fought by his side for years, as if the sight of the hero might help to explain the heaven-inspired might which he had put forth, is a fine and imaginative trait.

Andrew Wyntown ought to have been a poet. His lines were cast in pleasant places. The canon regular of St. Andrews was transferred to the monastery of St. Serf. The priory of St. Serf was situated on the Inch of Lochleven, not far from that other island where Mary's captivity was passed. Here, amid the solitudes of that lonely lake, "betwene the Lomownde and Benarty," those remote ecclesiastical pioneers, the Culdees, had planted a religious house at a very early period. They were succeeded by a colony of the canons of St. Augustine; and this colony, about the close of the fourteenth century, Andrew Wyntown was sent to rule. Culdees and canons have departed, and the Inch has returned to its original tenants. The mallard haunts the reeds, and the black-headed gull breeds upon the shingle.

But the peaceful prior was only an annalist. He had a tolerable eye for the picturesque, and his descriptions are sometimes animated enough; but, for the most part, his versified chronicle reads like a catalogue. He was a learned man for his day, and the shelves of the little island library must have been tolerably well furnished. He alludes to many of the mediæval poets and philosophers, and he mentions by name the authorities from whom he derived his materials — the Bible, Oro-



sus, Petrus Comestor, Martinus Polonus, "wytht Ynglis and Scottis storys syne." Some of the stories which he relates are sufficiently startling, and he believes implicitly in the marvels which he records; yet his painstaking narrative, especially of events which happened near his own time, retains a certain historical value.

Henry the Minstrel once enjoyed a wide popularity. He was the second Homer—not because of his blindness only. But his "Schir William Wallace" is now well-nigh forgotten. It wants the poetic salt which keeps Barbour's poem fresh; and his hero is a Jack the Giant killer—a mythical slaughterer—who is not believed in out of the nursery. The archdeacon of Aberdeen was a scholar and a politician as well as a poet, and his work is penetrated by high intelligence and a lofty spirit of patriotism; but Blind Harry rarely rose above the doggerel sing-song of the street ballad-monger. The real Wallace, so far as we can judge, was a sagacious, valiant, and single-hearted man—a martyr whose death consecrated a cause that might otherwise have failed; but Blind Harry's "Schir William" is a melodrama of the bloodiest dye, always extravagant, frequently grotesque, and not unfrequently revolting.

The annalists were succeeded by the more strictly literary poets, whom, for want of a better name, I call didactic. I have divided them roughly into euphuists and realists: James the First and Robert Henryson representing the former; Dunbar, Douglas, and Lindsay the latter class. None of these poets, indeed, were euphuists in the sense in which John Lily was a euphuist. An ornate and corrupt diction was unfamiliar to Scottish ears. Nothing can be happier or terser than Barbour's style at its best, and Barbour's supremacy was for long undisputed. But this simplicity of taste in the case of the earlier euphuists was mainly confined to the language. The ideas are grotesque, the forms artificial, and the machinery—where it does not break down entirely—involved and laborious. If the hero falls in love, he cannot say so plainly and be done with it. We have to follow him to the court of Venus; we have to listen to a long harangue from Minerva and her owls; and we have, aided by the Virgin Mary, to propitiate Cupid and the Graces. Elaborate allegories that are even more tedious are bound up with this mythological trumpery. "Good Hope" drives us desperate. The interminable exhortations of "Patience" try the sweetest temper.

Of Henryson's shorter poems, for instance, the most popular among his contemporaries was that entitled "The Garmet of Gude Ladyis," in which every article of female dress, down to the garter, was identified with some grace or virtue! Yet, curiously enough, though they fantastically disguised the passions and the emotions, in one respect these writers were always natural. Their appreciation of the humorous was keen and true. They attacked abuses with no inconsiderable force and shrewdness of satire. Their direct and vigorous ridicule at least never lost itself in the mists of allegory. It is these parts of their writings—these and an occasional touch of unpremeditated pathos—that we continue to read with interest. The mythologies and the allegories have grown musty and ill-flavored, but the scraps of pleasantries are still living.

The story of James I. is a romantic and melancholy one. He was the second son of Robert III. by Arabella, daughter of Sir John Drummond of Stobhall,—his elder brother being that unlucky Duke of Rothesay who, if the story is true, was starved to death by his uncle at Falkland. Born in 1394, he was barely twelve years old when, on his way to France, he was captured by the English cruisers. During his captivity in England, which lasted till 1424, he resided successively at London, Nottingham, and Windsor; and it was during this period that the Lady Jane Beaufort, daughter of the Earl of Somerset, granddaughter of the Duke of Lancaster, and so connected with the blood-royal of England, excited the romantic love which is described in "The Kingis Quair." James returned home with an English bride, and was crowned at Scone on the 21st of May, 1424. A more accomplished prince never governed Scotland. He had studied philosophy and jurisprudence; he was a painter, a musician, and a poet; a keen hunter and a dexterous swordsman. Many of these accomplishments were rare in his native land, and were not probably regarded with any particular favor by an illiterate society; but the mild and graceful scholar quickly convinced his turbulent subjects that liberal studies had not incapacitated him for vigorous rule. He kept the nobles in order, and he reformed the clergy. He founded the University of St. Andrews, and he diligently encouraged commerce, literature, and the arts. His reign is an oasis in the desert of Scottish history. It was unfortunately cut short. The

king was assassinated on the night of the 20th February, 1437, in the monastery of the Dominican friars at Perth, by a party of conspirators who were in league with his uncle, the Earl of Athole. The evening before his death was spent in the usual way, "Yn reading of romans, in syngyng and pypyng, in harpyng, and in other honest solaces of grete pleasance and disport."\*

If "Christ's Kirk of the Grene" was written by James (it is now maintained to be of later date, on evidence which apparently assumes that the existing poem cannot be a modernized version of an older work), his vein of humor must have been of no mean order. The fun, if a little boisterous, is genial and hearty, and the poem long enjoyed a more than local celebrity.

One likes no language but the Faery Queen,  
A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk o' the Green.

"The King's Quair," which he dedicates to his masters, Gower and Chaucer, and in which he celebrates the attractions of his future consort, is, however, his best-known work; and, in spite of its mythological machinery, contains many passages sweet, winning, and simple. The language, as in the lines beginning, "O besy goste, ay flickering to and fro," is sometimes singularly happy; and the picture of the Lady Jane, walking in the early morning below the window of the captive king, is fresh and vivid, as if taken directly from nature.

"Gude Mr. Robert Henryson" (it is thus that Dunbar alludes to the author of "The Testament of Cresseid") birched the boys of Dunfermline towards the close of the fifteenth century. The provincial dominie wrote one or two poems, simple in feeling and vigorous in style, which it is hardly fair to forget. Like much of the poetry of the period, however, they hover in an uncertain way between the true and the fantastic. Inexpert in the use of their weapons, inexperienced in the management of the passions, unprotected by the overseeing power which kindles and restrains, the poets of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries "went aft agee." No supreme artistic insight kept them straight; a false note, in music or in emotion, did not pain them. Their ingenuity, in short, was their ruin; they were sure to run their best feelings to death or into

sheer unnaturalness. Henryson's conception of Saturn, for example, is freezingly grim; but he cannot stop until he has told us that the god's arrows are "feathered with ice and headed with hailstones"—a minute and over-nice conceit which spoils the picture. One scene only is entirely and continuously good, and shows the real power that Henryson possessed. The false Cresseid, as a punishment for her incontinence, has been smitten with leprosy; and, while begging with her wretched companions along the street, she encounters her hero-lover, who is returning from a brilliant and successful charge. She is sadly changed, but there is something in the bleared face of the leper that recalls to Troilus the charming grace and bewitching beauty of Cresseid—"sometime his awin darling." He gazes upon her in silence for a moment, casts a purse into her lap, and sorrowfully resumes his march. That silent interview, that pause during which, although there is an uncertain and uneasy sense of pain in the hearts of both, no direct recognition takes place, is instinct with the true spirit of tragic poetry.

William Dunbar was the greatest Scottish poet of the fifteenth century—having had in any century, indeed, few rivals. There is something about Dunbar which cannot fail to attract. He is brilliant, satirical, inventive; his wit is vigorous, and he has a wealth of words, sometimes solemn and impressive, sometimes keen and incisive; but the hardy and masculine independence, the direct and personal force of his genius, is its chief charm. Though he hung about Holyrood, he was no courtier. He sometimes condescended to flatter, but he did it with an ill grace. There was a want of reverence in him, and of the facility which suits the atmosphere of a court. A brave, fiery, keen-spirited, irascible man, rather apt to use unconventional colloquial language,—such I take him to have been. It is very likely that he was imprudent; his passions were hot, and his tongue sharp and cutting. He felt no pity for folly; his contempt for baseness could not be kept decorously veiled; he attacked with unsparing ridicule all the impostors, lay or clerical, of his day. Thus he made many enemies. He spoke the truth, which cannot be done on easy terms even at present, and enemies found many chinks in his armor. Both his life and his writings supplied abundant material for friendly criticism. He was obviously a dangerous character, a pestilent fellow, who was in-

\* Every lover of poetry is aware that Rossetti's fine ballad, "The King's Tragedy," is based upon the traditional stories to which this foul murder gave rise.

tolerant of convention, and who treated dignified dullness, however exalted, with scant respect. The plain speaking of the two married women and the widow must have startled an age which was used to plain speaking. Kind Kittok's adventure in heaven is an audacious conception, which no later master of the grotesque—not Burns in "Tam o' Shanter," not Byron in the "Vision of Judgment," not Goethe in the "Faust" prologue—has contrived to surpass; and we can still figure to ourselves the consternation it must have provoked in precise and orthodox circles.\* So William Dunbar never obtained a benefice, and his life wore away in penury and disappointment. He felt this neglect keenly, the *severa indignatio* hurt him, as it hurt Swift. The mortified poet grew more bitter as he grew old; made sharper jests, and put more gall in his ink. Yet, like Swift, he could love as cordially as he hated; and he praises those whom he admires—the reverend Chaucer, the moral Gower, Barbour, Henryson, and the rest of the Scottish "makaris"—with the ungrudging warmth of a generous nature.†

Gavin Douglas was the third son of Archibald, Earl of Angus—the famous Bell-the-cat; and as a scion of the great house of Douglas, he occupied a foremost place in the ranks of the Scottish nobles. At an early age he was made rector of Linton, and he continued to hold that rustic benefice, until, in 1501, he was preferred to the provostship of St. Giles. It was during this period of his life, and amid the pastoral scenery of the Tyne, that he wrote most of his poems. Two of his brothers and two hundred gentlemen of the name of Douglas fell on the disastrous field of Flodden; and in consequence, probably, the plaintive lament, "The Flowers of the Forest," has been sometimes attributed to the bishop. Within a year of her husband's death, the widow of James IV. was united to the

youthful Earl of Angus, the nephew of Gavin Douglas, and the grandson of Bell-the-cat. The courtly poet soon became a favorite at court, and was destined for the primacy by the queen, but, after a prolonged and exciting struggle, was forced to content himself with the bishopric of Dunkeld.\* Though he was deeply implicated in the violent intrigues of a turbulent age, the bishop appears to have been a man of mild temper, simple manners, and profuse hospitality. "King Hart" and "The Palace of Honor" were once famous poems; and till a comparatively recent date his loose but spirited translation of the *Æneid* might be found on many a cottage book-shelf. His taste in poetry was not particularly pure. Rapid and impetuous, but turbid and discolored, the style of the Highland bishop may be compared not inaptly to one of his Highland streams, during what in Scotland is called a *spate*. In his writings, moreover, there are few of those satirical or personal touches which give so keen an interest to Dunbar's. He had been up to a certain point a successful man. Fortune had smiled upon him; the court had been gracious. A son of the great house of Douglas could not, even in his fall, have been exposed to the keen social mortifications which made Dunbar so bitter.

Gavin Douglas died in 1522, at which time Sir David Lindsay of the Mount had entered on his thirty-third year. Sir David was a voluminous writer; but it is probable that he would have been pretty nearly forgotten by this time had he not allied himself with the early Reformers, to whose cause he rendered essential service.

In Scotland, as in England, the satirical poets were the vanguard of the Reformation. The freedom of speech which these writers enjoyed unchallenged must prove inconvenient to historians who are used to associate the supremacy of the Catholic Church with a period of gloomy and inquisitorial intolerance. An occasional foray was undertaken by the bishops; but, speaking generally, the free-and-easy comments of the popular satirists were left unchecked. The truth is that the upper clergy had grown fat, indolent, and luxurious, and were not disposed to deal very rigorously with wit and invective, even when directed against themselves. The Protestant apologist declaims against the

\* "Scho slepit quhile the morne at noon, and rais airly;

And to the vettis of hevin fast cam the wife fair,  
And by Sanct Petir, in at the yet scho stale pre-  
vely;

God lukit and saw her lattin in, and lewch his  
hert sair

And thar, yeris sevin,  
She levit a gud life,  
And was our Ladyis hen wife;  
And held Sanct Petir at stryfe,  
Ay quhile scho wes in hevin."

† The most elaborate and accurate edition of the poems of William Dunbar is that prepared for the Scottish Text Society by the late Dr. John Small, F.S.A. Scot., the most zealous and painstaking librarian for the University of Edinburgh.

\* Even at Dunkeld he had difficulties: his rival, Andrew Stewart, holding the steeple of the cathedral and the palace, sent a shower of cannon-shot at the deanery, where the new bishop was lodged.

corruption of the prelates — the fact being that they were not so much corrupt as decrepit. Bored to death by the monotony of the religious life, mumbling Latin prayers which meant less than nothing to their minds, with "no more individual fervor of belief than of individual levity of disbelief," they had reached the stage of spiritual dotage. Some of them, indeed, it is only fair to remember, were men of high cultivation, who liked poetry, and did not care, we may presume, to burn its professors; and there were, moreover, sagacious and virtuous men in their ranks who were really anxious that the scandals which weakened their communion should be put away, that the cancer which was eating into the heart of the Church should be cut out. The light artillery of the popular poets was thus permitted to become a potent, if impalpable, ally of the Reformers. Henryson had exposed the abuses of the Consistorial Courts (the crying grievance of the age); nor had he hesitated to place popes, cardinals, bishops, and abbots in the infernal regions, where they —

For evill disponyng of their places rent,  
In flambe of fyre were bitterly turment.

In the "Daunce" the fiends laugh heartily at "the bair schevin necks" of the priests; and in the "Freris of Berwick" — an admirably spirited and brilliant dramatic poem, which, I believe, could have been written by no one except Dunbar — the vulgar habits and dissolute lives of the monks are ridiculed with great comic power. Another poem — "A General Satire" — sometimes attributed to Dunbar, sometimes to Inglis, Bishop of Culross, is mercilessly severe upon the higher clergy. "Sic pryd of prellattis," who would neither preach nor pray; "sic hant of harlettis with thame nicht and day" — had never before been known in Scotland. Other modes of attack were devised. Comic and obscene songs were translated into "Gude and Godly Ballates." Shakespeare, when he describes the Puritan who "sings psalms to hornpipes," refers, no doubt, to this practice; and a somewhat similar metamorphosis is alluded to in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," — "But they do no more keep pace together than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of Green Sleeves."

Sir David Lindsay was probably the first man in high station who publicly ventured to beard the clergy.\* Lindsay, with

a remarkably easy and fluent style, united considerable power of humorous invective. In his "satiric touch" there is none of the imaginative richness and amplitude of Dunbar; yet while the one was neglected and forgotten, the name of "Davie Lindsay" was familiar till the other day in every Lowland cottage. His character, besides, was intrepid and fearless; and in "The Monarchie," "The Three Estaitis," "Kitteis Confession," and numerous other pieces, he attacked the abuses of the Church with singular force, and — it must be added — incredible plainness, of speech. (He could be as nasty, indeed, as Swift at his nastiest.) He ridicules the absurdity of the Latin service, — priests and people "nocht understanding quhat they sing nor say." He assures his audience that "popes, patriarchs, and prelates venerable," are made over to sensuality and other evil lusts. The bishops have palaces and places, "and want no pleasure of the fairest faces." Friars will ready entrance get, when lords are "haddin at the yet." His pardoner produces a ludicrous jumble of charms, — the jaw of Fin Macoull, the cord that hanged John Armstrong, —

Of gude hemp soft and sound;  
Gude halie people, I stand for'd,  
Quahever beis hangit with this cord  
Neidis never to be dround;

and "Verritie" is treated as a delinquent by the ecclesiastical court, and put in the stocks — the New Testament, "in English tounge, and printed in England," having been found in her wallet. Kitty, after some frank and unreserved confessions, is absolved by her priest for a plack, —

And mokil Latyne he did mummil;  
I hard na thing but hummil bummil.

"The Three Estaitis" was more than once acted before the court; and though it was preposterously prolix — "lestand fra nyne hours afore nyne till six hours at evin" — we can understand how the spectators must have enjoyed its novel and racy delineations of ecclesiastical delinquencies,

who was "cruelly murdered" upon the Castlehill at Edinburgh, in the year 1539. "Friar Killore set forth the history of Christ's passion in the form of a comedy, which was acted at Stirling in the king's presence, upon a Good Friday, in the morning, in which all things were so lively expressed, that the verie simple people understood and confessed, that as the priests and obstinate Pharisees persuaded the people to refuse Christ Jesus, and caused Pilate condemn him, so did the bishops and men called religious blind the people, and persuade princes and judges to persecute such as professed Jesus Christ his blessed Gospel. This plain speaking so inflamed them, that after that they thirsted ever for his blood."

\* Calderwood mentions a black friar, John Killore,

and the important part it must have played in preparing the minds of the people for the religious revolution that was at hand. The last performance appears to have taken place on 12th April, 1554, before the queen and Commons, on the playfield at Edinburgh; and the author died in 1555.

This is briefly the history of Scottish poetical literature down to the middle of the sixteenth century. Poetry had reached an age when men were beginning to weary of grotesque conceits and scholastic ingenuities, and when reality, directness, and vital truth were urgently demanded. In the literature, as in the religion and science, of the new era, we find an intense desire and determination to return to *fact*. The fictions of poets, the fictions of astrologers, the fictions of priests, were put aside; and the barest and homeliest truth received a welcome which had been hitherto reserved for the imposing but meretricious "idols" of the imagination. The people were resolved no longer to tolerate a lie, however fair and comely; but to bring themselves without loss of time into tolerably honest relations with the universe. How far they succeeded, how far they failed in doing so, is the history of the sixteenth century.

JOHN SKELTON.

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From Chambers' Journal.  
MISS MASTERMAN'S DISCOVERY.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

#### CHAPTER I.

MISS PHÆBE MASTERMAN was a spinster over whose head some fifty summers had flown—with, it may be presumed, incredible swiftness to herself. She was very comfortably situated with regard to this world's goods, having inherited ample means from her father, a native of Durham, who had made a considerable fortune as a coal-merchant. At the time of her father's death, she was thirty-five; and as she had no near relative in whom to interest herself, she established an orphanage for twelve girls at Bradborough, a market-town in the north of England, within two miles of the coast. Brought up in the strictest conformity with Miss Masterman's peculiar views, dressed with the most rigid simplicity, fed on the plainest fare, taught to look upon the mildest forms of recreation as vanity and vexation of spirit, these fortunate orphans,

one would think, could hardly fail to become virtuous and happy; yet, inconceivable as it may appear, there were legends that orphans had been seen with red eyes and countenances expressive of anything but content; there was even a dark rumor to the effect that one of them had been heard to declare that if she only had the opportunity she would gladly commit a crime, that she might be sent to prison, and so escape from the thralldom of Miss Masterman.

But even this ingratitude and depravity paled before that of the Rev. Shanghan Lambe, incumbent of the little Church of St. Mary's. Now, Miss Masterman had built that church for the good of the district, and the living was in her own gift. Yet Mr. Lambe, entirely ignoring the latter fact, had had the hardihood to baptize an orphan in Miss Masterman's absence without previously obtaining the permission of that lady; upon which the indignant lady declared that unless he promised not to interfere with her orphans, she would withdraw all her subscriptions and leave him to find his own income. Nor was this all. There were other reasons to make Mr. Lambe pause before quarrelling with Miss Masterman. Before he was appointed to St. Mary's, he had been only a poor curate with a stipend of fifty pounds a year, which munificent income he had found totally inadequate to his wants and those of an aged mother who was dependent on him; consequently, he had entered upon his duties at Bradborough shackled with small debts to the amount of a hundred pounds.

Miss Masterman, who made a point of inquiring into every one's affairs, soon became aware of this, and as want of generosity was by no means to be numbered among her failings, she rightly judged that it would not be reasonable to expect a man to give his mind to his work if he were weighed down by other cares; so, in an evil hour for himself, poor Mr. Lambe accepted from the lady a sum of money sufficient to defray his debts—a sum for which, as he soon found, he would have to pay compound interest in the way of blind obedience to Miss Masterman's behests. Not a funeral could be performed, not a marriage could be solemnized, not an infant could be baptized, without Miss Masterman's permission; and it was even asserted by some that Miss Masterman selected the texts for the poor man's sermons. The only oasis in his desert was the annual departure of Miss Masterman for change of air; then,



and then only, did Mr. Lambe breathe in peace. For a brief period, he felt that he was really master of himself. He could sit down and smoke his pipe without fear that his sitting-room door would be rudely flung open by an imperious female of fierce aspect, who would lecture him on his sinful extravagance in the use of tobacco, when he couldn't pay his debts.

One bright August morning, Miss Masterman was seated at her breakfast table, and having concluded her meal, had taken up the morning paper and was studying the advertisements, holding the paper at arm's length with an air of grim combativeness, as if she were prepared to give battle to any or all the advertisers who did not offer exactly what she sought. Suddenly, she pounced upon the following: "A Home is offered in a Country Rectory by a Rector and his family for two or three months to a Single Lady needing change of air. House with large grounds, conservatories, pony-carriage, beautiful scenery.—Address, Rector, Clerical Times Office."

"That will do," said Miss Masterman to herself; and, with her usual promptitude, she sat down then and there and wrote to the advertiser, asking particulars as to terms, etc. And in due course she received an answer so perfectly satisfactory in every respect, that the end of the month found her comfortably installed in the charming rectory of Sunnysdale, in the county of Hampshire, in the family of the Rev. Stephen Draycott, rector of Sunnysdale.

The rector's family, besides himself and his wife, consisted of two sons and two daughters, all grown up, with the exception of Master Hubert, a boy of ten years old, who was endowed with such a remarkable fund of animal spirits that he was the terror of the neighborhood; and from the first moment of Miss Masterman's arrival, he became the special *bête noire* of that lady. With all the other members of the family, Miss Masterman was much pleased. The rector himself was a polished and dignified person, and by the extreme, if rather labored, courtesy of his manners, he endeavored to tone down the somewhat exuberant spirits of the rest of his family. Mrs. Draycott was a gentle, refined matron, with a sweet, though rather weary face, and was simply adored by her husband and children. The two daughters, Adela and Magdalen, were charming girls, full of fun, and very popular with their two brothers, of whom the senior, Clive, was aged nineteen.

To the young people, Miss Masterman's arrival was little short of a calamity; they were so much in the habit of freely stating their opinions on all subjects without restraint, that the presence of a stranger appeared to them an unmitigated bore. It was in vain that their mother reminded them that the handsome sum paid by Miss Masterman for her board would be a very desirable addition to the family exchequer. At a sort of cabinet council held after she had retired to her room the first night after her arrival, Master Hubert expressed, in schoolboy slang, his conviction that she was a "ghastly old crumpey;" a nickname which she retained until a servant one day brought in a letter which, she said, was addressed to "Miss Pobe Masterman;" from which moment, Miss Masterman went by the name of "Pobe" till the end of her visit—a piece of irreverence of which that lady happily remained quite unconscious.

By the time Miss Masterman had settled down in her new abode, the principal ladies of the parish came to call upon her; and as some of them were not only rich but very highly connected, Miss Masterman greatly appreciated their kind attentions. Among them was a Lady O'Leary, an Irish widow, with whom Miss Masterman soon struck up a great intimacy. Lady O'Leary was generally believed to be a person of large fortune; but as this supposition was based entirely on her own representations with regard to property in Ireland, there were some sceptical spirits who declined to believe in it as an established fact. Lady O'Leary shared three furnished rooms with a Miss Moone, who lived with her as companion; and it soon became quite an institution for Miss Masterman to take tea with her two or three times a week at least. On these occasions, the two ladies—for Miss Moone discreetly withdrew when Lady O'Leary had visitors—discussed all the affairs of the parish, until, by degrees, they got upon such thoroughly confidential terms, that before long they had imparted to each other their joint conviction that the general moral tone of the parish was lamentably low, and that it was doubtless owing in a great measure to the deplorably frivolous conduct of the family at the rectory; for Miss Masterman had discovered, to her amazement and horror, that the rector not only permitted his daughters to read Shakespeare, but even gave them direct encouragement to do so. Nor was this all; he actually was in the habit, once a year, of taking all his chil-

dren up to London to see the pantomime at Drury Lane.

Among the more frequent visitors at the rectory was a Mrs. Penrose, an exceedingly pretty young widow, who had recently taken a small house in the village, where she lived very quietly with an old servant, who appeared greatly attached to her mistress. The widow, who was apparently not more than five-and-twenty, was a charming brunette, with sparkling black eyes, and hair like waves of shining brown satin; and her sweet face and animated manners made her generally very popular in the village, where she visited the poor and assisted the rector in various parochial works of charity. Especially was she a favorite at the rectory, not only with Mr. and Mrs. Draycott, but with the young people, her presence in the family circle invariably giving rise to so much hilarity, that even the rector was attracted by the general merriment, and would leave his study to come and sit with his family, and allow himself to join in their mirth at Mrs. Penrose's lively sallies. Indeed, he had even been heard to declare, in Miss Masterman's hearing, to that lady's unspeakable disgust, that when he was fagged and worried with the necessary work of a parish, a few minutes of Mrs. Penrose's cheerful society acted on his mind like a tonic.

Miss Masterman, from the first, had taken an extraordinary antipathy to Mrs. Penrose, who appeared to her to be everything that a widow ought not to be. Her bright face and unflagging spirits were a constant offence to the elder lady, though she had often been told that the late Captain Penrose was such a worthless man that his early death, brought about entirely by his own excesses, could be nothing but an intense relief to his young widow, who was now enjoying the reaction, after five years of married misery. Miss Masterman's dislike to Mrs. Penrose was fully shared by her friend Lady O'Leary; and they both agreed that the widow was in all probability a designing adventuress, and deplored the infatuation which evidently blinded the rector as to her real character, for, as Lady O'Leary observed, "Though it was given out that Mrs. Penrose was the particular friend of Mrs. Draycott, the rector's partiality was obvious."

Miss Masterman had been at Sunnydale for six weeks, when one morning she received a letter from her housekeeper, informing her that Mr. Lambe had taken upon himself to remark that the orphans

were looking pale and jaded, and that he was going to take them all to spend a day at the seaside. Miss Masterman, on reading this letter, felt most indignant, and at once wrote to Mr. Lambe to forbid the proposed excursion; and after enumerating the many obligations under which she had laid him — not forgetting the hundred pounds she had lent him — she concluded by expressing her surprise that he should presume to interfere with her special *protégées* in any way whatever.

To this Mr. Lambe replied that he was "extremely sorry if he had offended Miss Masterman; that he had imagined that she would be pleased for the orphans to have the treat, particularly as some of them looked far from well; but that, having promised the children, it was impossible for him to break his word, particularly as he had ordered a van for their conveyance and made all the necessary arrangements for the trip; he therefore trusted that Miss Masterman would forgive him if he still kept his promise to his little friends."

Furious at this unexpected opposition to her will, Miss Masterman at once went in search of Mrs. Draycott to inform her that it was necessary for her to go home for a week or ten days on business of importance. Finding that Mrs. Draycott was not at home, she repaired to the rector's study, and after knocking at the door, and being told to enter, she informed Mr. Draycott of her intentions. Saying that she must write home at once, she was about to withdraw, when Mr. Draycott courteously asked her if she would not write in the study, to save time, as he was just going out. Miss Masterman thanked him; and as soon as he had gone, sat down and wrote to her housekeeper to say that she would be at home the following day without fail. Having finished her letter, she was about to leave the room, when she observed a note in a lady's handwriting, which had apparently slipped out of the blotting-pad on to the floor. She picked it up, and was about to return it to its place, when the signature, "Florence Penrose," caught her eye. "What can that frivolous being have to say to the rector?" thought Miss Masterman; and feeling that her curiosity was too strong to be resisted, she unfolded the note, and read the following words:—

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have just received the diamonds, which are exactly what I wanted. The baby's cloak and hood will do very well. I have now nearly

all that I require. My only terror is, lest our secret should be discovered. In great haste. Yours, as ever,

"FLORENCE PENROSE.

P. S. — I hope you won't forget to supply me with plenty of flowers."

Here was a discovery. For a few moments Miss Masterman sat motionless with horror; her head was in a whirl, and she had to collect her thoughts before she could make up her mind what to do. The first definite idea that occurred to her was to secure the note; the next was, to show it to Lady O'Leary and to discuss with her what was to be done. As soon, therefore, as she had completed all her arrangements for her journey on the morrow, she repaired to her friend's lodgings; and after Lady O'Leary had fairly exhausted all the expletives that even her extensive Irish vocabulary could supply, to express her horror and detestation of the conduct of the rector and Mrs. Penrose, the two ladies laid their heads together, and seriously discussed the advisability of writing to the bishop of the diocese and sending him the incriminating letter. However, they finally decided to do nothing before Miss Masterman's return to Sunnysdale; and in the mean time Lady O'Leary undertook to be on the watch, and to keep her friend *au courant* as to what was going on in the parish.

It was late that evening when Miss Masterman returned to the rectory, and by going up directly to her room, she avoided meeting the rector. The next morning she pleaded headache as an excuse for having her breakfast sent up to her; and did not come down until, from her window, she had seen Mr. Draycott leave the house, knowing he would be away for some hours. He left a polite message with his wife, regretting that he had not been able to say good-bye in person to Miss Masterman.

"The wily hypocrite!" thought that lady. "He little thinks that his guilt is no secret to me. But such atrocity shall not go unpunished!"

When she took leave of Mrs. Draycott, she astonished that lady by holding her hand for some moments as she gazed mournfully into her face; then, with a final commiserating glance, the worthy spinster hurried into her fly. As she drove away, she leaned forward and waved her hand to the assembled family with such effusion, that Mrs. Draycott exclaimed: "Dear me, I fear I have done Miss Masterman injustice. I had no idea

that she possessed so much feeling as she showed just now. One would really think she was going for good, instead of only ten days!"

"No such luck," cried the irrepressible Hubert. "But, at all events, we have got rid of her for a week at least; so now, we'll enjoy ourselves, and forget all about Pobe till she turns up again!" — a resolution which the young gentleman did not fail to keep most faithfully.

In the mean time, Miss Masterman was busily employed at Bradborough in quelling orphans and other myrmidons, and reducing things in general to complete subjection to her will; but with regard to Mr. Lambe, she found her task more difficult than she expected. In fact, the worm had turned; and on her summoning him to her presence and opening the vials of her wrath on his devoted head, he calmly but firmly announced his intention of sending his resignation to his bishop; which took Miss Masterman so completely by surprise, that in her bewilderment, she actually asked him to reconsider his decision. But though she even went so far as to give her consent to the orphans having their coveted treat, Mr. Lambe's determination was not to be shaken.

The following week flew swiftly away; a good deal of correspondence devolved upon Miss Masterman through having to think of a successor to Mr. Lambe, and the lady of the manor was very much worried. At last, however, everything was settled, and Miss Masterman began to think of returning to Sunnysdale, where, as she felt, fresh anxieties and most painful duties awaited her.

## CHAPTER II.

SINCE she left the rectory, she had had two letters from Lady O'Leary, a passage in the second having made a powerful impression upon her: Since your departure, my dear Phœbe, I have had leisure for much reflection on the subject of your frightful discovery; and after considerable cogitation, I have arrived at the conclusion that it is certainly your bounden duty to acquaint the bishop with the conduct of Mr. Draycott, and to do so at once before you return to Sunnysdale. I should advise you to write and inclose that abandoned widow's note. I fancy that we are not the only ones who are beginning to see through this sanctimonious villain of a rector. I observed last Sunday that several of the congregation, amongst them Lady Conyers and General Scott and his family, who always stay for a chat with

the Draycotts after service, left the church as quickly as possible, as if to avoid speaking to any of the family. Mrs. Penrose was not at church; no doubt she had her reasons for staying away, though I heard from Miss Jones that it was given out that it was a bad headache that kept her at home."

From Lady O'Leary's statement, it was not clear if Mrs. Penrose's headache had been publicly announced in church or not; and the worthy lady had also omitted to mention that it was entirely owing to her own hints and innuendoes, industriously dropped here and there, accompanied by significant looks of unutterable meaning, that the mind of the parish was being considerably exercised with grave doubts as to Mr. Draycott's moral character. The letter went on to say that invitations had been issued for a large evening party at the rectory on the following Thursday. Lady O'Leary strongly urged Miss Masterman so to time her return as to be present at it, adding, "I intend to go, as I feel it my duty to neglect no opportunity of collecting evidence which may serve to deliver our hearths and homes from the contaminating presence of the shameless Draycott."

On reading this, Miss Masterman considered that there was no further proof wanting of the enormity of the rector's guilt. Another suspicious circumstance was, that she had received no invitation, and in three days the party would take place. She therefore felt convinced that the rector, dreading lest her keen eye should detect more than would be noticed by the shallow members of his own family, had made some excuse to prevent Mrs. Draycott from bidding her to the festivity; consequently, resolving to hesitate no longer, she sat down and indited the following letter:—

*"To the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop  
of —."*

"MY LORD,—I venture, as a temporary resident in the parish of Sunnysdale, to call to your lordship's notice some heinous irregularities in the conduct of the Rev. Stephen Draycott, rector of that parish. I should indeed blush to record the details of his guilt in any words of mine; but the inclosed note, addressed to him by a person who calls herself 'Mrs. Penrose,' will, I think, speak for itself. The individual whom I allude to is, I have every reason to fear, an astute adventurer; and should your lordship think it worth while to make further inquiries re-

specting her, I have no doubt that sufficient evidence will speedily be found to substantiate my statements in every respect. I have the honor to be, my Lord, your Lordship's most obedient humble servant,

"(MISS) PHOEBE MASTERMAN."

Miss Masterman next wrote a letter to the unconscious Mrs. Draycott, fixing the following Friday for her return, at the same time fully intending to make some excuse for arriving unexpectedly on Thursday afternoon instead, so as to be in time for the party in the evening. She then sent a few lines to Lady O'Leary acquainting her with all she had done; and after seeing her letters posted, she congratulated herself on the courage and resolution with which she had carried out what she believed to be a duty to society.

On Thursday, Miss Masterman left Bradborough early in the morning, having so arranged her journey that she would arrive at Sunnysdale about six, which, as she calculated, would give her time to unpack and dress for the evening. But, by an unfortunate chance, it happened that as the train by which she travelled during the first part of her journey was delayed, it would be quite impossible to be at the rectory much before eleven o'clock P.M. Even Miss Masterman felt that that would be too late an hour at which to arrive unexpectedly; so she made up her mind that her only course would be to go the village inn for the night, her one consolation being that Lady O'Leary would be sure to give her a full and particular account of all that occurred at the rectory.

The alteration in her arrangements was most annoying to Miss Masterman, who, like many other rich people, if she made a plan, expected, as a matter of course, that it should be rigidly adhered to. During four hours which she had to wait at a junction, she sat and brooded over her grievances, waxing more and more grim as she did so. To add to her irritation, the rain began to come down in torrents; and the cold and draughty station was made additionally comfortless by the damp air which came in through every door and window, and penetrated to every bone in Miss Masterman's body.

At length, however, the dreary journey came to an end; and on reaching her destination, she took a fly, and ordered the man to drive her to the only decent inn that Sunnysdale could boast. By this time it was past eleven o'clock. The rain had

ceased, and the moon was shining brightly, throwing streams of silvery light on all around, and bringing every object into unusual prominence. In order to reach the inn, it was necessary to pass Fern Lodge, the pretty cottage residence of Mrs. Penrose. Fancying she heard voices, Miss Masterman leaned forward and looked out of the window. What was her horror and amazement to see Mr. Draycott gallantly escorting Mrs. Penrose to her door! There was no mistaking the rector's tall figure and dignified deportment. But the widow! Dressed in what appeared to be an elegant costume, her bare arms and neck, plainly visible through her black lace shawl, were gleaming with diamonds. But even this was not all. The bright moonlight falling on her upturned face as she smiled upon Mr. Draycott, plainly revealed powder and rouge. Slowly the pair advanced towards the house, and as a turn in the road hid them from sight, Mr. Draycott was bending over his companion, apparently engaged in earnest conversation.

Miss Masterman sank back in the fly in the greatest agitation. Her worst suspicions were now confirmed; and by the time she arrived at the inn, she felt fairly exhausted with excitement. Miss Masterman at once requested to be shown to her room; and during the greater part of the night she lay awake, thinking over the startling discoveries she had made and their probable results. On one point she had quite made up her mind, — that nothing would induce her to remain any longer under the same roof with the rector. So she arranged with the hostess of the Sunnysdale Arms that she would stay there for a week, — to await events. At an early hour she called upon Lady O'Leary; but, to her great disappointment, she found that lady confined to her room with such a severe attack of gout, that she had been unable to be present at the rectory on the previous evening. The invalid listened with greedy interest to Miss Masterman's revelations, and for the moment she forgot the pain she was enduring in the delight of hearing about Mrs. Penrose's rouge, and especially the diamonds, which were "confirmation strong," if any were needed, of the words in the fatal letter. On her side, Lady O'Leary had little to tell Miss Masterman, except that two days ago she had seen Magdalen Draycott, who told her that they only expected about half the number they had asked to the party, as so many had refused. The girl had also said that her mother was a

good deal worried about it; from which Lady O'Leary concluded that things were coming to a crisis, and that people were beginning to see the unprincipled Draycott in his true colors. The interview between the two ladies was terminated by a paroxysm of agony which seized upon the invalid, and completely incapacitated her for further conversation.

Miss Masterman returned to the inn for lunch, and then prepared for her momentous visit to the rectory; for she had resolved to beard the lion in his den, and to denounce him in the presence of his family as a hypocrite. On arriving at the rectory, she was told by the servant who appeared in answer to her imperious knock, that the rector was at that time engaged with the churchwardens and others on parish business, and could not be interrupted.

"My business will not admit of delay," replied Miss Masterman. "I must insist upon seeing the rector at once." Then, as the servant endeavored to expostulate, "No words!" continued the spinster; "conduct me to him at once."

The servant then led the way, though with evident reluctance, and throwing open the drawing-room door, announced Miss Masterman.

Bristling with conscious virtue, her tall form drawn up to its fullest height, she intrepidly advanced, seeming to breathe out threatenings and slaughter in her progress, and her whole appearance formidable to the last degree.

The dining-room was full of people, who were seated round the long table, at the head of which presided the rector. The two churchwardens were seated near him. The rest of the party included Mrs. Draycott, Lady Conyers, General Scott, and many of the leading residents of Sunnysdale, who had met to discuss some necessary alterations in the hours of the church services. At sight of Miss Masterman, a dead silence fell upon the assembly. Nothing daunted, she advanced to Mrs. Draycott, and held out her hand; but, to her surprise, she was repulsed. She was then addressed by the rector, who, rising from his chair, said in dignified accents: "If you wish to speak to me, Miss Masterman, I will come to you presently in the study. At present, I am engaged, as you see, with my friends."

"I can perfectly understand your motives in wishing to speak to me without witnesses, Mr. Draycott," replied she; "but you shall not escape so easily. What I have to say shall be said here, in the



hearing of your wife, and of the friends whom you have so grossly deceived."

"I spoke for your own sake, madam, not mine," said the rector, as he turned pale with anger. "But since you insist upon it, pray let my friends hear what excuse you have to offer for this uncalled-for intrusion."

"I wish to acquaint them with your real character," answered Miss Masterman firmly. "You know that you are an unprincipled man and a profligate."

At these audacious words, all the company rose to their feet, with the exception of Mr. Sheldon, the rector's churchwarden, a young and rising solicitor, who—his professional instincts instantly on the alert—scented legal proceedings, and began quickly and silently to take notes of all that passed. The other churchwarden, Mr. Blare, a little puffy, red-faced man, with a temper that was the terror of all the naughty boys in the parish, after vainly trying to express his wrath articulately, sank back into his chair again gasping and snorting, till his face assumed an apoplectic hue that was truly alarming. The rest of the assembly loudly expressed their indignation at Miss Masterman's extraordinary allegations; when above the din rang out the rector's clear and penetrating voice. "My friends," he cried, "will you be seated, and listen to me?" Then, as they obeyed in silence, he turned to the furious woman before him, and continued: "May I ask, Miss Masterman, by what right you abstracted a letter from my study, and then took the unwarrantable liberty of sending it to the bishop?"

"I wished to open the bishop's eyes to your real character," replied Miss Masterman. "I read that letter by the merest accident, and I felt that it was only right that others should be undeceived as well as myself."

"And are you aware," demanded Mr. Draycott sternly, "that you have rendered yourself liable to an action for libel?"

"Certainly not," answered Miss Masterman, "for I have only spoken the truth. It is of no use to try to bully, Mr. Draycott; your character has now been discovered."

At this crisis, Miss Masterman was interrupted by an angry snort from Mr. Blare, who, after making another futile attempt to express himself coherently, subsided into a violent fit of coughing, after which he contented himself with giving vent to a short jeering laugh whenever Miss Masterman spoke, in a manner

that irritated that lady almost beyond endurance.

"Perhaps, before you indulge in any more strong language, you will be good enough to listen to a few words of explanation," proceeded the rector. "The letter which you purloined from my study referred merely to some theatricals. My wife had written a little play in which Mrs. Penrose was to take part; the play was to be acted last night at a party in this house, which had been purposely kept a secret from you on account of your known dislike of all theatrical entertainments. The articles alluded to in Mrs. Penrose's letter to me were required by her for the part she was to play. Had you mentioned the matter to me or to any member of my family, you would have heard the truth, and spared yourself and us much unnecessary pain."

"Then," gasped Miss Masterman, "when I saw you and Mrs. Penrose at eleven o'clock last night——"

"I was escorting her home, after her kindness in helping us," replied Mr. Draycott. Then, as his voice trembled with suppressed anger, he continued: "I have been this morning, thanks to your impertinent interference, subjected to a severe cross-examination by my bishop; and though I trust he is now convinced of the falsehood of your allegations, I have been put in a most painful position. Owing to you and Lady O'Leary—who has not scrupled to spread scandalous reports about me in my own parish—I have been cut by some of my most valued friends; and if I refrain from prosecuting you both for libel, it is only on condition that you offer a full and ample apology for your most wicked and uncalled-for assertions."

As Miss Masterman heard these words, she felt ready to sink through the ground, for she at once saw the folly and wickedness of her conduct in its true light. All her assurance deserted her, and she feebly tried to falter out a few words of regret; but the rector sternly interrupted her. "That is not sufficient, Miss Masterman," said he. "I must trouble you to write at once to the bishop, and also to send a paragraph to the local papers, to retract every word that you and Lady O'Leary have said against my character. Should you, or she, refuse to do me this justice, I shall immediately commence proceedings against you both."

Here the solicitor interposed with: "I am in a position to warn Miss Masterman that should Mr. Draycott determine to in-

stitute proceedings for libel, the damages in this case might be excessive."

Baffled, confounded, and for the first time in her life completely cowed, Miss Masterman looked helplessly around her, and had the mortification of seeing Lady Conyers, General Scott, those rich and influential members of the congregation, whose friendship she had so sedulously cultivated, turn their backs upon her in utter contempt, as she passed down the room; even kind Mrs. Draycott averted her eyes from her; and her equanimity was by no means restored when, on reaching the door, she found that it had been left partially open, and that the whole of the preceding conversation had been overheard by Master Hubert, who was now turning somersaults in the hall, as Miss Masterman more than suspected, in celebration of her own discomfiture.

It is scarcely necessary to add that Miss Masterman and her friend were only too thankful to accept the rector's terms, and so escape the just penalty of their conduct; and whenever, after this, Miss Masterman felt inclined to give too free license to her tongue, the rising temptation was instantly subdued by the recollection of the mischief once wrought by that unruly member during her summer holiday in the parish of Sunnydale.

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From The National Review.

#### OUR GRANDMOTHERS.

BY THE COUNTESS OF JERSEY.

WITHOUT infringing on the vexed question of woman's suffrage, it may be consoling to look back on some women of the past, and to try to discover whether they were so very different from those we see around us, or whether the apparently larger share taken by the latter in public life is not merely proportionate.

The greater facilities for locomotion and for the dispersion of news, together with the universal spread of education, has induced an immense number of persons of both sexes to interest themselves more or less intelligently in the topics of the day, who might otherwise have busied themselves with little beyond the concerns of their immediate neighborhoods.

With increased security and improved means of transport have come extended trade and a growing population. More women have been thrown on their own resources, and with the need has in many

cases come the possibility of earning their own living. When highwaymen infested the country, and when streets in towns were neither lighted nor policed, it would have been hardly practicable for gently nurtured women to travel, or to go to and from places of business, alone. It does not follow that because society is more civilized women are less modest. They simply share the advantages of law and order which England at least still possesses. Of course all have not used their privileges discreetly. Some have tried to enter careers which they had perhaps better have avoided, and others have taken up subjects which they had undoubtedly better have let alone; but there is no reason therefore to pass a sweeping condemnation on a whole generation of women, and still less reason for treating certain eccentricities as unheard-of phenomena, when these very eccentricities have been the butt of satirists from the days of Juvenal downwards. The journey into classical realms would, however, be too lengthy; and Spencer, sworn squire of the Maiden Queen, has a hit at the men rather than at the women, when he says, —

That women wont in warres in bear most sway,  
And to all great exploits themselves inclined,  
Of which they still the girlond bore away;  
Till envious men, fearing their rules decay,  
Gan coyne streight lawes to curb their liberty.  
Yet sith they warlike armes have laid away,  
They have exceld in artes and pollicy,  
That now we foolish men that prayse gin eke  
't envy.

Delilah has given Milton occasion for some very bitter lines on women; but Milton had been unable to get on with his own wife, and was probably annoyed by the ladies of the Restoration, who celebrated their emancipation from Puritan trammels with more fervor than discretion. Let us rather see the impression made upon Young, when England had cooled down after the ferment of the Civil Wars: —

Britannia's daughters much more fair than  
nice,  
Too fond of admiration, lose their price;  
Worn in the public eye, give cheap delight  
To throngs, and tarnish to the sated sight:  
As unreserv'd, and beauteous as the sun,  
Through every *sign* of vanity they run;  
Assemblies, parks, coarse feasts in city halls,  
Lectures and trials, plays, committees, balls,  
Wells, bedlams, executions, Smithfield scenes,  
And fortune-tellers, caves, and lions' dens,  
Taverns, exchanges, bridewells, drawing-  
rooms,  
Instalments, pillories, coronations, tombs,

Tumblers and funerals, puppet shows, reviews, Sales, races, rabbits, (and, still stranger!) pews.

Britannia's daughter can have had little time left for those household duties which she is commonly supposed to have performed so much better than her degenerate descendants. Vanbrugh, very nearly Young's contemporary, makes Lady Arabella, in "A Journey to London," give a very amusing account of her idea of pleasure. She confesses that she finds great difficulty in refraining from oaths when she loses at cards. "In time, perhaps," says her virtuous friend Clarinda, "you'll let 'em fly as they [the men] do." "Why, 'tis probable we may," retorts Lady A., "for the pleasure of all polite women's lives now, you know, is founded on entire liberty to do what they will." The virtuous friend, in turn, describes her ideal scheme of existence, which is to pass half the year in the country and half in London, in either case "soberly," and the chief difference between her catalogue of occupations and that of a "sober" modern lady is the complete omission from Clarinda's of any kind of "good works," unless a passing reference to "devotion" comes under that head.

Pope starts, as is well known, by quoting the accusation, "Most women have no characters at all," and after a few graphic sketches of the "cameleons," as he calls them, gives, as his verdict, that they have two ruling passions, —

Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,  
The love of pleasure, and the love of sway.

The love of pleasure and the vacuous lives of the ladies of Pope's day are nowhere better satirized than by Addison in "Clarinda's Journal of a Week." It is too familiar and too long to extract in its entirety, but Wednesday may serve as a specimen: —

From eight till ten. — Drank two dishes of chocolate in bed, and fell asleep after them.

From ten to eleven. — Eat a slice of bread and butter, drank a dish of bohea, and read the Spectator.

From eleven to one. — At my toilette; tried a new hood. Gave orders for Veny to be combed and washed. Mem.: I look best in blue.

From one till half-an-hour after two. — Drove to the Change. Cheapened a couple of fans.

Till four. — At dinner. Mem.: Mr. Froth passed by in his new liveries.

From four to six. — Dressed; paid a visit to old Lady Blithe and her sister, having be-

fore heard they were gone out of town that day.

From six to eleven. — At basset. Mem.: Never set again upon the ace of diamonds.

Swift's "Modern Lady," in 1728, rises, like Belinda in "The Rape of the Lock," at noon, spends her day in shopping, her evening in scandal, and her night, till past four in the following morning, in losing large sums at cards.

To return to Clarinda. During the whole week all she reads, beside "The Spectator," is the fashionable play of the moment, Dryden's "Aurengzebe," and her only other useful occupation is working half a violet leaf on her flowered handkerchief, after which heroic feat she finds that her head aches and her eyes are out of order, and she promptly throws it aside.

Indeed, the lamentations over the neglect of needlework by the young women of the period are no new thing. "Those hours," says Addison's correspondent of Oct. 13, 1714, "which in this age are thrown away in dress, play, visits, and the like, were employed, in my time, in writing out receipts, or working beds, chairs, and hangings for the family. It grieves my heart to see a couple of proud, idle flirts sipping their tea for a whole afternoon, in a room hung round with the industry of their great-grandmother." And the Spectator's comment on the old lady's letter is that he "cannot forbear wishing that several writers of that sex had chosen to apply themselves rather to tapestry than rhyme;" that "Whig and Tory will be but seldom mentioned where the great dispute is whether blue or red is the more proper color;" and that Sophronia would do the general greater glory "if she would choose rather to work the battle of Blenheim in tapestry, than signalize herself with so much vehemence against those who are Frenchmen in their hearts."

Men were then, as ever, hard to please. We find one woman who really did possess most of those grandmaternal accomplishments so often held up for our admiration. She is described as virtuous and lovely, and wanting neither in wit nor good-nature. "She sings, dances, plays on the lute and harpsichord, paints prettily, is a perfect mistress of the French tongue, and has made a considerable progress in Italian. She is, besides, excellently skilled in all domestic sciences, as preserving, pickling, pastry, making wines of fruits of our growth, embroidering, and needle-work of every kind." Married to this Ad-

mirable Crichtoness, what cause of complaint could her husband find? He writes to "The Spectator," March, 1711-12, to lament that when in town she half ruins him by constant practising with her various masters, that she will paint fans and miniatures for all her friends which must be mounted by Colmar and Charles Matthews, and, for the rest of the year, incredible sums are wasted in embroidery, in the constant employment of four French Protestants in making superfluous furniture, and, above all, in furnishing the store-room with all those pickles and preserves so dear to the heart of the moralist, and with that "detestable catalogue of counterfeit wines," as this ungracious gentleman calls them. The good lady only exercises her economy on her children, "who are all confined, both boys and girls, to one large room in the remotest part of the house, with bolts on the doors and bars to the windows, under the care and tuition of an old woman who had been dry-nurse to her grandmother."

We need but turn to Horace Walpole to see that our ancestresses knew how to amuse themselves a little later in the century. What can be more lively than his supper at Vauxhall? He goes to Lady Caroline Petersham's house, and finds "her and the little Ashe, or the Pollard Ashe, as they call her; they had just finished their last layer of red, and looked as handsome as crimson could make them." They pick up some other good company in the Mall, but though Lady Caroline runs up to Lord Petersham with "a familiar spring," he stalks away "as sulky as a ghost that nobody will speak to first." This does not appear to affect the lady's spirits; they get into their barge, with a boat of French horns attending, and little Ashe singing. At Vauxhall the "very foolish Miss Sparre," who has never seen a duel, though she is fifteen, and is anxious for the fun, tries to get Lord March to fight one, but he laughs her out of it. "At last we assembled in our booth, Lady Caroline in the front, with the vizor of her hat erect, and looking gloriously jolly and handsome. She had fetched my brother Orford from the next box, where he was enjoying himself with his *petite partie*, to help us to mince chickens. We minced seven chickens into a china dish, which Lady Caroline stewed over a lamp, with three pats of butter and a flagon of water, stirring, and rattling, and laughing, and we every minute expecting to have the dish fly about her ears. She had brought Betty, the fruit-girl, with hampers of straw-

berries and cherries from Roger's, and made her wait upon us, and then made her sup by us at a little table. The conversation was no less lively than the whole transaction. In short, the whole air of our party was sufficient, as you will easily imagine, to take up the whole attention of the garden; so much so, that from eleven o'clock till half an hour after one, we had the whole concourse round our booth; at last they came into the little gardens of each booth on the sides of ours, till Harry Vane took up a bumper and drank their healths, and was proceeding to treat them with still greater freedom. It was three o'clock before we got home."

Beyond all else, the women of last century, appear to have been addicted to gaming. This mania, from which society is never altogether free, devoured more victims between the Restoration and the close of the French Revolution than in any other hundred and fifty years of which a record is preserved. The weak or wicked heroine of many an old novel is finally driven to despair by her losses at cards, and in real life not only did ladies largely conduce to the ruin of themselves and their families by this all-absorbing passion, but some did not disdain to set up private gaming-tables in their own houses, to keep the bank, and to fleece their guests, very much after the manner of Becky Sharp.

M. Ferri de St. Constant, a French observer of English manners in the year XII. of the republic, gives evidence on this point. He quotes a police report to the effect that, despite the stringent laws against gaming, there were in London alone forty-three gambling houses, six of which were kept by ladies; and in these six, which were frequented by a thousand persons, six hundred thousand pounds were annually lost and won. "Outre les maisons tenues par les ladies," he continues, "dont parle M. Colquhoun, il y a des assemblées sous le nom de parties de cartes (*card-parties*), et même de *roul*, que les dames donnent par spéculation. Non seulement elles se remboursent de leurs frais avec l'argent des cartes, mais elles ont des profits considérables."

According to Goldsmith, the rage was not confined to London nor to Bath (which, under Beau Nash, must have been an English Monte Carlo), but spread throughout the land. "I have been told," says the "Citizen of the World," "of an old lady in the country who, being given over by the physicians, played with the curate of her parish to pass the time away; hav-

ing won all his money, she next proposed playing for her funeral charges; the proposal was accepted, but, unfortunately, the lady expired just as she had taken in her game."

However, the accusations against the women of to-day appear to be less than they are frivolous than that they want to be learned, that they ape men, and that they meddle with politics. How sings Pope?

In beauty or wit,  
No mortal as yet,  
To question your empire has dared;  
But men of discerning  
Have thought that in learning  
To yield to a lady was hard.

Impertinent schools,  
With musty old rules,  
Have reading to females denied;  
So papists refuse  
The Bible to use,  
Lest flocks should be wise as their guide.

These lines were addressed to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who knew well enough to what she exposed herself. She says, after translating Epictetus: "My sex is usually forbid studies of this nature, and folly reckoned so much our proper sphere, we are sooner pardoned any excesses of that, than the least pretensions to reading or good sense."

The only wise woman is she who keeps what she does know to herself; so Lady Mary's contemporaries, Molly and Kitty, were quite as unwise as their successors at Girtton and Somerville Hall. Their uncle writes to "The Spectator" in 1711:

Whilst they should have been considering the proper ingredients for a sack-posset, you should hear a dispute concerning the magnetic virtue of the loadstone, or perhaps the pressure of the atmosphere. In a late fit of the gout I complained of the pain of that distemper, when my niece Kitty begged leave to assure me that, whatever I might think, several great philosophers, both ancient and modern, were of opinion that both pleasure and pain were imaginary distinctions, and that there was no such thing as either *in rerum naturâ*. I have often heard them affirm that the fire was not hot; and one day when I, with the authority of an old fellow, desired one of them to put my blue cloke on my knees, she answered: "Sir, I will reach the cloke; but, take notice, I do not do it as allowing your description; for it might as well be called yellow as blue; for colour is nothing but the various inflections of the rays of the sun." Miss Molly told me one day that to say snow was white is allowing a vulgar error; for as it contains a great quantity of nitrous particles, it might more reasonably be supposed to be black.

It is a pity that these young ladies did not live a little later, as they would have been well qualified for the Blue-Stocking Clubs of Mrs. Montague and Mrs. Vesey, though if the story of the origin of the name be true, a blue-stocking ought to be a man, not a woman. It is said that a man excused himself from going to a very early meeting at Mrs. Montague's house in Portman Square, because he was in undress; to which it was replied: "No particular regard to dress is necessary in an assembly devoted to the cultivation of the mind; so little attention, indeed, is paid to the dress of the parties, that a gentleman would not be thought very *outré* who should appear in blue stockings."\*

Is Miss Ferrier's delicious account of Mrs. Bluemits's literary party, in "Marriage," intended as a satire on these clubs?

The real misfortune has hitherto been that the average girl has been so ill-educated, that one who has, from her own perseverance, or from the extra care bestowed upon her, been rather better taught than her fellows, has either been laughed at or unduly praised — probably both — with the result of making her an awkward prig. Now that the standard of female education has been raised, a girl with a fair knowledge of history, Latin, and mathematics will cease to be a phenomenon, and will be neither tempted to parade, nor teased into concealing, her acquisitions. Any one who will take the trouble to go over one of the colleges for young women at Oxford or Cambridge, before condemning it, will probably come away with the impression that no girl is very likely to remain there who does not intend to "study to be quiet and to learn her own business."

As to aping men, the essayists do not spare their lady friends on that score. Witness the anecdote which Addison tells of a lady who, dressed, according to the fashion of the fast women of the time, in a man's hat, perriwig, and riding-coat, met a tenant of Sir Roger de Coverley. She asked whether a house near at hand were Coverley Hall. The man, seeing only the male part of his querist, replied, "Yes, sir;" but upon the further question, whether Sir Roger were a married man, dropped his eye upon her petticoat and changed his note to "No, madam." Another lady is described as a "rural An-

\* Boswell attributes the title of these clubs to the "blue stockings" of Mr. Stillingfleet, one of their most eminent members.



dromache," "one of the greatest fox-hunters in the country. She talks of hounds and horses, and makes nothing of leaping over a six-bar gate. If a man tells her a waggish story, she gives him a push with her hand in jest, and calls him an impudent dog; and if her servant neglects his business, threatens to kick him out of the house."

Whatever their dress and manners, the women of the past can easily teach their descendants a lesson in political partisanship. Whig and Tory took good care that there should be no mistake about their sentiments. The patch placed on the right or left side of the face as they drew up in battle array on either side of the Haymarket Theatre was an index of the fury which blazed within; and Addison, hopeless of abating it in any other way, assures his "female readers" that "there is nothing so bad for the face as party zeal. It gives an ill-natured cast to the eye, and a disagreeable sourness to the look; besides that it makes the lines too strong, and flushes them worse than brandy—indeed, I never knew a party woman that kept her beauty for a twelve-month."

On the occasion of a debate in the House of Lords in 1739, when a crowd was expected, the lord chancellor made an order that ladies were not to be admitted, and that the gallery was to be reserved for the Commons. The Duchesses of Queensberry and Ancaster, Lady Huntingdon (of Methodistical fame), and several others, not to be beaten, presented themselves at the door at nine o'clock in the morning. When refused entrance, the Duchess of Queensberry, with an oath equal to the doorkeeper's own, swore that they would come in in spite of the lord chancellor and the whole House. The peers resolved to starve them out, and ordered that the doors should not be opened till they had raised their siege. "These Amazons," says Lady Mary Montagu, "stood there till five in the afternoon, without sustenance, every now and then playing volleys of thumps, kicks, and raps against the door with so much violence that the speakers in the House were scarce heard. When the Lords were not to be conquered by this, the two duchesses (very well apprised of the use of stratagems in war) commanded a dead silence of half an hour; and the chancellor, who thought this a certain proof of their absence (the Commons being also very impatient to enter) gave order for the opening of the door, upon which they all

rushed in, pushed aside their competitors, and placed themselves in the front row of the gallery. They stayed there till after eleven, when the House rose; and during the debate gave applause, and showed marks of dislike—by noisy laughs and apparent contempts." What a warning to any legislator who may wish to prevent the ladies from enjoying his eloquence!

Nor were "platform women" unknown to these good old days. The *Mirror* of over a hundred years ago, says: "In London, to which place we are always to look for the 'glass of fashion,' the ladies, not satisfied with shewing their *spirit* in the bold look, the masculine air, and the manly garb, have made inroads into a province from which they were formerly considered as absolutely excluded,—I mean that of public oratory. Half-a-dozen societies have started up this winter, in which female speakers exercise their powers of elocution before numerous audiences, and canvass all manner of subjects with the freedom and spirit of the boldest male orators."

The Duchess of Devonshire and the Westminster election have been often cited; but if, as is generally allowed, Miss Edgeworth gives a fair picture of the manners and customs of her generation, what shall we think of the conduct of the ladies in "Belinda"? An election takes place, Mrs. Luttridge posts down to begin her canvass, and away posts her enemy, Lady Delacour, to canvass for a cousin of her friend Mrs. Freke. Lady Delacour is ambitious to have it said of her that she "was the finest figure that ever appeared upon canvass." On the day of election (? nomination) she and Mrs. Freke make their appearance on the hustings "dressed in splendid party uniforms," and distribute ribands and cockades from two enormous panniers. Not to be outdone, Mrs. Luttridge sends for panniers twice as big as theirs. Thereupon, Lady Delacour caricatures Mrs. Luttridge as "the ass and her panniers." Mrs. Luttridge, *an excellent shot*, wishes herself a man, that she might take proper notice of her opponent's conduct. Instigated by Mrs. Freke, Lady Delacour sends her a challenge, which is accepted in due form. The ladies and their seconds meet in man's attire; but the principals are induced to fire into the air, because Mrs. Luttridge is incapacitated by a whitlow on her forefinger from using her right hand!

French ladies have been known to emulate these warlike feats, but the dames of the Primrose League have as yet ab-

stained from adding duelling to their many iniquities. It is all very well to say that "these last two elections are the first wherein women have been engaged as organized canvassers." This is simply the sequence of the law of demand and supply. Women always took that share which the condition of politics afforded them. Were politics the regulation of petty wars between little tribes or kingdoms? There were the women as sibyls and pythonesses, as Teutonic wise women or Celtic leaders in the fray. Were politics the intrigues and treaties of powerful kings? Ministers and ambassadors knew perfectly well that they must make their account with the wives, the mothers, and the favorites of the monarchs, even when the women were not, as was sometimes the case, themselves queens, governors, regents, or ambassadors. When politics in England fell under the control of popular vote, but when the elections were still largely swayed by aristocratic influence, great ladies entered the field and cajoled the electors by every means at their command. The day has come when the male suffrage is all but universal, when bribery is almost impossible, and when the weight of great name and position is next door to *nil*. But the women are still here, and are more needed than ever by those who desire to gain the support of the newly enfranchised masses. Not great ladies alone, but every woman possessing good manners, fair education, and average intelligence is now in request. When you have to deal with large numbers, both of canvassers and canvasees, organization becomes absolutely necessary. Women have not entered a new field, but keep the old one under altered conditions; and this is the whole secret of the Primrose League as far as they are concerned. Does any of this acrimony against the Leaguers arise from the fact that whilst the enlightened Radicals have been gazing into the future, and reading there the great things which women will do with their votes when they get them, the stupid Conservative party has seized upon the present and shown what women can do while yet unfranchised?

These disjointed fragments are by no means intended as a complete answer to Mrs. Lynn Linton, still less as a sketch of the way in which women have put their fingers into various pies long since cooked and eaten. The object has been rather to point out that there is no particular reason to think, as many seem to do, that the women of to-day have struck out new lines

of folly and presumption for themselves, and are thereby likely to land us in unknown evils. Therefore, though it would be undesirable to dwell upon it, that portion of Mrs. Lynn Linton's article cannot be altogether ignored in which she says that both sexes now discuss, without reserve, subjects which were once hidden from public view.

It is possible, and, so far as it is true, certainly deplorable, that the present generation has relapsed from a reticence of speech observed by the one or two immediately preceding it. It may, however, be safely said that this is a relapse, and not a new development. For instance, women have of late been seen at trials which would have been more appropriately marked by their absence. Could any rebuke be more scathing than that administered by "The Tatler" to the ladies who frequented Old Bailey when certain causes were tried there in the days of good Queen Anne? Steele goes so far as to propose that, since they take such an interest in the matter, in future trials of this sort half of the jury should be women. Nor had they lost this taste fifty years later when Lord Bath, writing to his relative, Colman, said that the ladies desired minute details to be sent them of any such trial in which he might be engaged. No minister of the crown would venture to repeat in the presence of her present Gracious Majesty the anecdotes with which Sir Robert Walpole was wont to regale Queen Caroline.

Miss Burney is justly regarded as the pioneer of respectable novelists; but what young girl of the present day, who had only gleaned her ideas of life from conversations heard in her father's drawing-room, would have exposed poor Evelina to the adventures she meets with at Vauxhall and the Marylebone Gardens? What brother, bestowing plentiful advice on a young sister, would specially recommend her, as does a writer in the *Lady's Magazine* for 1785, to study "Clarissa Harlowe" and "Pamela"? Nor is this selection wonderful when we recollect the story of Sir Walter Scott's aunt, Mrs. Keith. She asked him to obtain for her the novels of Mrs. Aphra Behn, but promptly returned them, saying: "Take back your bonny Mrs. Behn, and, if you will follow my advice, put her in the fire. But is it not a strange thing that I, a woman of eighty, sitting alone, feel myself ashamed to look through a book which, sixty years ago, I have heard read aloud for the amusement of large circles of the best company in London?"

Two wrongs do not make a right, and want of modesty, dislike of home occupations, and desire to compete with men in ways unsuited to a woman's physical or mental capacity are worthy to be blamed, whether found in the reign of Queen Anne or in that of Queen Victoria. But there were quiet and good women in days gone by, and there are quiet and good women now. Because we see the old faults and old foibles reappearing in modern dress, we need not imagine that this is a monstrous age and a precursor of chaos. Neither need we confound a desire for an education more thorough and less superficial, the honest wish of a girl who might be a burden at home to earn her own livelihood, or even an interest in questions whose solution will largely affect our own lives and the future of our children, with the noisy clamor of a few agitators who have never forgiven nature for making them women instead of men.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing." "It is true," says the wisest Englishmen, "that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion." The best-educated woman will best understand the limits of her own powers; the girl who can really earn her own living in a manner suited to her sex will not desire work for which she is unfit; and the woman who most thoroughly understands what the term "politics" implies will be the last to aspire to a direct share in the government of the State, even though she may think herself and her sisters not unworthy of a voice in the choice of their rulers.

"There is a great deal of human nature about," even in women, and you will never succeed in cutting them all to one pattern. Votes or no votes, Penelope will embroider, Nausicaa entertain her guests, Andromache nurse her baby, Helen will flirt, Aspatia teach eloquence and guide statesmen to the end of the chapter. And Cassandra? oh! Cassandra will prophesy. We fear that she will be as little heeded as she was in days of yore, and we hope that her forebodings will prove less true than those which spoke the doom of Troy.

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From All The Year Round.  
ABOUT WAITERS.

ONCE I remember travelling in a train in Germany, and was considerably impressed by a young gentleman who sat

opposite me. He had keen eyes, a bright face, steady observation, and in talking with him, I found that he had received a good education, and had attended classes in one of the universities. We spoke of one or two Latin authors, of whom he showed much knowledge and appreciation. I felt interested in the young man, and asked him what his line in life might happen to be. Was he going to be a clergyman? He smiled, and said it was something better than that, and I might guess again. My next guess was that he was going to be a doctor or surgeon. No, it was something better than that. Perhaps he was going into some sound commercial pursuit? He negatived this idea too, and, saving me all further speculation, announced that he was going to be a waiter, a *Kellner*, perhaps in good time *Ober-kellner*. He explained to me that there was a lucrative and glorious career before him. Of course, he gravitated towards London. The Teutonic mind and the Teutonic body have a great tendency to do that.

On the Continent waiters are an institution more extended than among ourselves. In Continental cities people are much less domesticated than we profess to be. The men mostly dine at hotels and restaurants, and the sum of human comfort almost depends upon the waiters. At Paris there was lately an alarming disturbance among the *garçon* race. They formed societies, and marched in procession, and sang the Marseillaise or something equivalent. The great difficulty they had was in regard to agencies for waiters, for most employment in Paris in the waiting line is done through agents. They did not consider that the agents treated them fairly, and they would have an agency of their own. Another great difficulty among the Paris waiters was a feud, not an uncommon one, between the young and the old waiters. The great crush of business at the restaurants is between eleven and one, for the *déjeûner* or first dinner, and between six and eight for the second or real dinner. In those busy hours, of course, there is a great need of the highest vigor and alacrity, and here the young naturally have a great advantage over their elders. On the other hand, an old, experienced waiter has his advantages, especially in private dinners and in little suppers.

The greatest social revolution in London within the last generation has been the alteration in the hotels and eating-places. Corresponding with this has been the

alteration in the waiters. The old-fashioned British waiter is certainly not extinct, but he is very rare. The waiters are now imported, like so many of the dishes they serve, from abroad. Their slim forms and obliging, nonchalant manners would astonish our ancestors. I know of one restaurant where there are twenty-seven waiters, and each of them pays three-and-sixpence a day for his place. They do not in the least grumble; some of them make money fast. One of them told me that in another year he would have enough money to retire to his native canton, Ticino.

Now about the feeling of the waiters. Some people give too much, while others give too little. What I generally do is to give a penny on every shilling I spend. If I only spend a shilling on a light lunch, I give the waiter a penny. If my dinner runs to six shillings, I give him sixpence. I expect the general run of tips approximates very closely to this.

It has come to be understood, as a matter of social philosophy, that one ought to be on good terms with the waiter. He will serve you well the first time if you are a stranger to him, but if you do not give the "correct tip," he will bear the matter in mind. It is not alone that he will assume a sour and disappointed manner, but even if he knows his trade sufficiently well to conceal his emotions, he knows how to make you suffer. He has a good deal of a certain kind of patronage at his disposal. A wary diner-out at a public dinner takes care to establish good terms with the waiter. He, to some extent, is able to make sure of the green fat of the turtle, the back of the grouse, and the old Madeira. The waiter who knows and respects his customer is able to make him thoroughly comfortable; to make his table the picture of neatness; to have everything hot and of the best; and to give judicious hints and disinterested advice.

One day I had a talk with a waiter of the old school, in the well-known hotel of a pretty London suburb.

"Well, sir, I have been pretty well all my life a waiter. I don't call it hard work, that is to say, it is not hard work with the hands, though it is hard work with the head. It does not do to put much beer or wine in one's mouth, I assure you. I have sometimes been carrying a dozen different orders in my head. In some places we get a comparative holiday on the Sunday, except in places near London. A few waiters pay for their places; the head waiter of the old Cock

in Fleet Street used to do so. I get a small salary, but I mostly depend on tips. I have buried my wife, and my children are in business, and I am now all alone in the world. I have never been a month without employment, and I have saved up enough money to provide for myself if I were obliged to give up."

"Sometimes," quoth this head waiter, "there are ways in which a head waiter may be able to do something for himself, and even get a place of his own. He may have made friends among his customers, perhaps have lent them some money in their younger days, and they may be ready to back him up when he takes a place. Perhaps some gentlemen have an idea that they will start an hotel, say a big one on the limited liability plan, which often means unlimited ruin. They say: 'We will go down and have a dinner on the —, and have a talk with Bob. Bob has been there for the last thirty years, and, if there is any man living who knows all about it, that man is Bob.' And so they offer to make Bob manager; and perhaps he invests his own savings in the venture, and, if he is a good man and has good luck, he may make his fortune. There is nothing that he might not do — go into the wine trade, and so on."

I had some talk with the people of the inn, who were growing quite gray, and had long reminiscences of this inn before the railway came to the place, or only came within a few miles of it. Now there are three railway stations not far from one another.

"One day there was a gentleman of the Hebrew persuasion who took it into his head to bring his bride here in the evening of the day on which they were married. He wrote to me beforehand on the subject. He wanted the whole place turned into a kind of garden or grove. All the hall, and all the staircase and balustrading were to be got up beautifully. I suppose he meant it for a kind of Feast of Tabernacles. Altogether we were obliged to charge him twenty pounds for it. It was a very good job for the house that.

"One day a gentleman and lady came in to lunch. A nice, quiet, tidy little lunch they had, just the same as in a good house of their own. By-and-by I brings the bill, and wonders what they are good for. The gentleman feels in his pockets, and very soon finds out that there is nothing in them. He takes it perfectly quietly.

"My love," he says to the lady, 'have you any money?'

"No, my dear, I haven't," she says.

"They had come in a quiet brougham, with a very respectable manservant; and I slips out to speak to him. 'Your people are a queer lot,' I ses. 'What do you call them?'"

"'Thought every one knew our people,' said the man. 'That's Lord and Lady Russell.'"

"Our master, of course, said it was all right. They sent the money sure enough, but I think he would have been better pleased if they had not. Lor' bless you, sir, landlords are not the grasping people you sometimes think them. I know one, and a literary gent came and stayed with him two or three nights, and then asked for his bill. 'Tell him, with my compliments,' said the master, 'that there is no bill, and he is welcome to stay as long as he likes.'"

"One night, a rather queer-looking gentleman came here. It was a Saturday night. The next morning he wraps himself up in a big cloak and goes and lies down on the brow of our hill. If you have time, sir, you should go and see the view from our hill. All London, with St. Paul's dome straight before us, is stretched out like a map or a picture. He lay all day long, sir, on the grass, rolled up in his cloak and watching the view. He came in here once or twice, but only for a little time. He must go to the hill again. Went away next morning, and left a small bunch of keys behind him. There was a letter soon afterwards, saying that if we had them they were to be sent to an address which he gave; some grand address in the West End. Very glad he was, I dare say, to get those keys again."

I went on afterwards with my talk with the waiter, and said that I knew a waiter at a great restaurant who told me that he had saved eight hundred a year. He had then taken the biggest hotel of a very big town. My friendly waiter shook his head, and did not quite see how it could be done honestly.

The thought of a waiter being dishonest had never entered my head. They are as honest and kindly a set of men as any in the world. But in every profession there are black sheep. Now and then even waiters have curious little histories. The waiters have to watch some of their guests, and now and then there are those who have to watch the waiters. In my own personal history I have never known more than one dishonest waiter. He was a man who systematically laid himself out

to please the guests, without due regard to the interests of the proprietor. There is a customer, for instance, who will always give the waiter a good tip for a good dinner. The waiter sets him down before grouse, or salmon, or red mullet, at a time when the price of such dainties is high and the money for the meal does not "run to it." The waiter gets a good tip, but to the landlord it is a dead loss. This particular individual made large savings, but he wasted them foolishly.

There are some waiters who drive a brisk little money trade of their own. Young men, when they lose a great deal of money at billiards, will sometimes have no scruple about borrowing money from the head waiters. In some instances they neglect to pay it back, and the dishonesty is all on the side of the customers. Still it is quite possible for waiters to be dishonest in other ways than peculation. For instance, there may have been a roystering dinner party, and neither hosts nor guests may be fully competent for the examination of accounts. A waiter may announce the total amount of the bill, and may quite possibly stick on a sovereign or two. When there is a very big dinner, say five pounds a head exclusive of wines, there is an opening for this sort of thing. Or the figures may be added up wrongly, stray shillings wandering into the columns for pounds. When a guest is so foolish as to become intoxicated — an event occasionally known even amid the mild manners of the present day — he is very much at the mercy of the waiters in respect to what he has with him and what he leaves behind him. As I said before, although there are black sheep in all professions, yet, considering their temptations, waiters are admirably honest.

Sometimes waiters pick up a good deal of curious information and can make good use of it. I knew a man who had been a waiter in a London place of business, and afterwards settled down as the landlord of a most respectable hotel in a provincial city. He had extremely pleasing manners, and was noted for the clear, bright opinions which he expressed on nearly every conceivable subject, and the admirable way in which he supported them, and yet this man was utterly unable to read or write with any degree of correctness. He was asked one day to explain how he came by his multifarious knowledge and large collection of opinions. His explanation was very simple. He had been regularly employed as a waiter



at public dinners at the Mansion House, the London Tavern, etc. He had heard all the most remarkable public men of the day speak repeatedly on every variety of topic. He had always listened attentively and with the greatest appreciation. In his own humble way he became quite a public character. There were great men who would always give him a kindly thought, and I have an idea that even in their speeches they would sometimes address themselves to the appreciation and intelligence of their favorite waiter. If they could please that waiter they would be pretty sure of "fetching" the general public.

The waiter is a favorite character in English literature. Some of our greatest humorists have delighted to delineate him. Tennyson's lines about the head waiter at the Cock have become classical:—

O plump head waiter of the Cock,  
To which I most resort,  
How goes the time? 'Tis five o'clock,  
Go fetch a pint of port.  
But let it not be of the kind  
You set before chance comers,  
But that whose father-grape grows fat  
On Lusitanian summers.

Charles Dickens used to revel in descriptions of waiters, for whom he evidently had kindly feelings. At Bella's wedding breakfast, in "Our Mutual Friend," the head waiter at the Greenwich dinner is likened to the Archbishop of Canterbury invoking a blessing on the young couple. In "David Copperfield," the waiter tells the very young hero how Mr. Top Sawyer fell dead after drinking very strong beer, and considerably takes both beer and chops, that his youthful charge may not incur such serious danger. The waiter in the coffee-house near Gray's Inn, is a familiar figure, and so is that wonderful waiter in "Somebody's Luggage."

We need not, however, go on with the enumeration. Such touches show the kindness that ought to subsist between the public and their most faithful and assiduous servant. When we meet the same waiter, perhaps, half-a-dozen times a week for any number of years, it is difficult not to consider him as a kind of personal friend. And there are good people who, when the waiter has vanished from his scene of action—perhaps lost his situation or been laid up by illness—follow him to his humble abode, to continue the tips and to recognize the heaven-forged links that bind together "all sorts and conditions of men."

From The Spectator.

#### MATERIAL PROGRESS IN SYRIA.

WHATEVER may be the case in other parts of Asiatic Turkey, there can be no question that Syria has made substantial progress in the last quarter of a century. Signs, indeed, are not wanting in the vialay of a general reawakening that augurs well for the economic future of that once prosperous region. Although the Turkish government, true to its traditions, has done absolutely nothing to promote either the development of industry or the extension of commerce there, and Syria to this day possesses not a single harbor and but two roads—one from Beyrout to Damascus, the other from Jaffa to Jerusalem—travellers acquainted with the former condition of the country are unanimous as to its growing prosperity. Evidence of progress is seen on every side. The towns are increasing in size and population, imports and exports are steadily rising, trade is passing from the hands of Europeans into those of the native merchants, and the fellahin are beginning to invest money in cattle-rearing. In the larger seaports the signs of material growth are especially striking. Beyrout, for example, would hardly be known for the same place by travellers of the last generation, were they to revisit it now. It has quadrupled in extent and population within the last five-and-twenty years, and is practically a new city, built partly in the Western style, under the supervision of a German architect. The European quarter, as it is called, is positively palatial. It is well paved, lighted, and—incredible enough—has a corps of street-scavengers. There is water laid on, supplied by an English waterworks company; a public carriage service to Tripoli and Homs, organized in 1882 by a company having a capital of £20,000; and it can further boast a successful paper-mill, costing upwards of £20,000, erected in 1883, and capable of supplying the whole of Syria with paper of first-class quality. From a squalid and unsavory Eastern port, with about fifteen or twenty thousand residents, Beyrout has grown in a quarter of a century to a thriving European *entrepôt*, having a population of over eighty thousand; and this in spite of the fact that there is no harbor, and vessels have to anchor in the open roadstead. The shipping touching at Beyrout has grown, in the same five-and-twenty years, from one hundred vessels, or thirty thousand tons, to nearly four hundred steamers and thirty-five hundred sailing vessels, with a tonnage of four hundred thousand gross. At

the present moment, the imports there from England alone are over three-quarters of a million pounds in value annually, which is more than the sum total of the entire exports and imports in 1860. So rapid has been the growth of trade, that an extension of the custom-house has been built. The only thing unchanged is the Turkish official; he is the same pleasant personage as heretofore. He is firm in his refusal to accept any *douceur* that may be offered him in the custom-house to pass a package that ought to pay duty; but he courteously intimates that he will have the pleasure of calling upon one the next day, and receiving the *baksheesh* privately. Some time ago, a merchant found himself two sacks short in a quantity of grain consigned to him; and with the perfect concurrence of the officials, he made good the deficiency with a couple of sacks addressed to somebody else, who had to bear the loss. This is not a story *ben trovato*, but an extract from our consular reports, and makes the growing prosperity of Beyrout only the more remarkable.

No less marked is the progress made of late years in and about Jaffa, the most southerly seaport of Syria. The changes in this ancient and interesting little town are eminently striking. The old wall that surrounded it, after the primitive Eastern fashion, has been pulled down; the moat filled up to admit of an extension of the area available for building; and numbers of new houses have been erected, many of imposing style and size, to say nothing of depôts and magazines. North and south of the town is quite a series of suburbs, substantially built by Arab immigrants from upper Egypt, who are settling in Syria and Palestine. And it is noted, too, that the houses have glass windows, a thing unheard of twenty years ago. The country round about Jaffa is even more changed than the port itself. It is being converted into quite an earthly paradise, one vast orange-grove, a region of orchards and fruit-gardens. The number of such holdings has increased fourfold in the past quarter of a century, and it is estimated that there are now, in the immediate vicinity of the port, four hundred of these orange-gardens, ranging in size from two to fifteen acres; and finer oranges than those of Jaffa are not grown in the world. They are oval-shaped, run sometimes to fifteen inches in circumference, are exquisite in flavor, and one mass of delicious juice. He who has not tasted a Jaffa orange in fine condition does

not know what an orange is. Large quantities have been shipped to Liverpool lately, where they have fetched high prices; and the trade would admit of indefinite expansion, and prove a source of great profit, were there a direct service with England. As it is, oranges shipped at Jaffa have to be transhipped at Alexandria or Smyrna; and this affects the condition of the fruit when landed, while it adds materially to the cost of carriage. The orange production of the district at present is about eight to ten millions annually, and they are sold at eight to ten a penny retail. The most convincing proof of the growing prosperity of Jaffa is to be found in the price of land. It has risen ten and in some cases fifteen-fold; a plot that would with difficulty have fetched £5 twenty years ago, is now not to be bought for £50 or £60. Practically speaking, land near Jaffa is not to be had. Even the lesser towns along the coast show signs of renewed activity. Haifa, the little port at the foot of Mount Carmel, has roused from its torpor, and gone in for building and rebuilding,—on a small scale, of course. It is so changed, that Herr Schick, the government surveyor of buildings, declares he did not recognize the place when he revisited it in 1880. Cæsarea, once famous, but wholly deserted for centuries, is on the highroad to become once again a centre of trade. There is the nucleus of a new town rising, inhabited by Moslem immigrants from Bosnia and Herzegovina; a custom-house is built, and a line of steamers will call there regularly. In the larger towns of the interior, the note of progress has been struck, and all are in a state of transition. Bethlehem has been almost entirely rebuilt, and improved out of all knowledge. The streets were formerly impassable in winter; now they are paved and tolerably clean, passable at any time. The same may be said of Tiberias and Nazareth. Nablous—the ancient Shechem where Joseph was sold—is become one vast soap-boiling establishment. Its product is in general demand throughout Syria, and it may yet become the Northampton of Palestine for boots. The most satisfactory sign of progress in the interior is, in our opinion, the advance in agriculture, and the steady increase in the number of those who appear to devote themselves to agricultural pursuits. Everywhere the traveller hears of new plantations being made, and sees new gardens fenced in. Between Nazareth, Safet, and Nablous, where the olive thrives best, olive-trees

are being planted at the rate — it is locally stated — of five hundred thousand a year; and the product of the district in the shape of olive-oil is already upwards of six million okes, or fifteen million pounds' weight, for it is so measured there, annually. Highly significant, as we remarked, is the fact that the country people and peasantry are investing their money largely in cattle-rearing, a thing undreamed of a few years back. If the government would only protect the fellah from the roving Bedawi — who hails the tiller of the soil as the "father of cabbages," and looks down upon him as the *hhamar ed dunia*, or "the ass of the world," to say nothing of religiously robbing him whenever, or rather as often as, opportunity offers — rural Syria would have a chance of thriving again.

The order of things in Jerusalem, too, is very different from what it was only a few years ago, and the change the Holy City is gradually undergoing strikes every traveller who has revisited the place after an interval of eight or ten seasons. Whole quarters have been rebuilt, sanitation is cared for, the streets are well lighted, clocks are placed on many public buildings, and the gates are no longer closed at sundown, to the inconvenience of residents and the hindrance of trades-people. The tanneries and slaughter-houses have been removed to a distance, and outside the walls of the ancient enclosure a "new Jerusalem" is slowly rising, that at the present rate of growth, will in a very few years quite overshadow the old city, exceeding it both in area and population. Suburbs are springing up round about and extending, notably on the western side. And as Herr Schick, the government surveyor, estimates the number of dwellings to have "probably trebled" in five-and-twenty years, some idea may be formed of the rate at which Syria is making progress, notwithstanding many and serious disadvantages. Old residents record other changes, no less satisfactory and suggestive because unconnected with the material prosperity of the country. There is more toleration, and a better feeling generally between Moslems, Christians, and Jews. Among other things, slight in themselves, but still indicative of moral progress, may be noted the facts that the great bells of all the churches in Jerusalem are allowed to be rung; Christian officials in government employ are no longer obliged to wear the red fez; the pashas often walk about on foot with a single attendant, instead of the imposing

cavalcade that was formerly considered indispensable; and the ladies take an intelligent interest in the latest Paris fashions, which they now affect. Schools have increased in number, and there have been more pupils in attendance of late years. And this is reflected, so it is asserted, in an improved race of handicraftsmen, who turn out sounder work than formerly, and are beginning to develop some amount of artistic taste in their productions. No one, therefore, who knows anything of the condition of Syria twenty-five or thirty years ago but will admit that great material progress has been made in the interval; and if, instead of making conventions for railways in Asia Minor which are unlikely to be built for many a year to come, the Turkish government would devote only a little money to the improvement of the means of intercommunication in the Syrian vilayet, there can be little doubt that the next quarter of a century would see even more striking changes for the better in the general condition of the province.

From Nature.

#### EXPLORATION OF THE NORTH SEA.\*

OUR knowledge of the physical conditions of the North Sea has just been enriched by the publication of the results of the expeditions of the Prussian ship *Drache* during the summer months of the year 1881, 1882, and 1884. The expeditions and the publication have been carried out under the direction and with the authority of the Hydrographic Office of the German Admiralty.

Prof. Möbius, who has examined the organisms collected by the *Drache*, reports that he has found nothing worthy of special mention among the biological collections. It is otherwise with the physical and chemical observations, for the whole of the volume before us is devoted to these observations, their analysis and discussion. The publication is accompanied by synoptic tables showing the positions of the observing stations and the scientific results, as well as by fourteen charts setting forth graphically the currents, the depths, the salinity, specific gravity, and

\* *Die Ergebnisse der Untersuchungsfahrten S.M. Kbnst. Drache (Kommandant Korvetten-Kapitän Holzhauer) in der Nordsee in den Sommern 1881, 1882, und 1884. Veröffentlicht von dem Hydrographischen Amt der Admiralität. Berlin: Ernst Siegfried Mittler und Sohn, 1886.*

the quantity of oxygen in the surface, intermediate, and bottom water, and sections illustrating the distribution of temperature.

The temperature and salinity are first examined. The observations confirm the view that the salt heavy water of the Atlantic enters the North Sea by the north of Scotland, and, on being cooled, sinks to the bottom, and fills all the deeper parts of the basin, including the Norwegian Gut. The observations of the Norwegians and those on board the *Triton* showed that, in like manner, the deep water of the Norwegian Sea was largely made up of the salt Atlantic water, which sank to the bottom on reaching a colder latitude—probably mixing much with deep colder polar and fresher water. The *Drache* traced this salt Atlantic water to the centre of the North Sea. It would be a matter of very great interest to have the temperature of the water taken at stated intervals throughout the year in the Norwegian Gut, in a similar manner to the observations now being carried on in the deep lochs of the west of Scotland. The observations on the currents of fresher water running to the north along the coasts of Britain and Jutland—the latter eventually meeting and mixing with that of the Baltic—are very interesting. Indeed, the extensive current and tidal observations are valuable additions to knowledge; but, as the author remarks, both they and the temperature observations are incomplete, being confined to the summer months, and he indicates the regions where observations are much required. Still, combined with the winter observations which we possess at certain points, the *Drache's* observations greatly augment our knowledge of the physical conditions of the North Sea, and of the modifying influences produced by the seasons.

The chemical work has been intrusted to Dr. Neumeister, under the direction of Prof. Jacobsen, and the geological part is by Dr. Gümbel. The chemical work includes the determination of the oxygen and nitrogen in water from different depths. Dr. Neumeister found in surface-water (mean of twenty-five analyses) the oxygen to be 33.95 per cent., the volume of the sum of the oxygen and nitrogen equalling 100. In deep water (200 metres) the oxygen descended to 25.20 per cent. of the volume of the two gases.

For carbonic acid combined as neutral salts, he found for surface waters 52.66 milligrammes per litre (mean of sixty-seven

determinations); the partially combined acid was found to be 43.78 milligrammes (mean of thirty-nine determinations).

As appendix to these researches, the results are given of the determinations of the carbonic acid in the waters of the Atlantic, Indian, and Pacific Oceans, collected by the *Gazelle* in 1874-76. The carbonic acid combined as neutral salts in the surface waters reaches to 52.5 milligrammes per litre (mean of thirty-one observations). At 183 metres of depth, the mean is 53.2. For greater depths, down to 5,000 metres, fourteen determinations gave 50.6 to 56.8 milligrammes. Four determinations gave 59 to 70 milligrammes, and one gave 82.7 milligrammes. No attempt is made to compare these with the Challenger results.

The author explains the presence of the large quantity of carbonic acid in deep water by the fact that the water dissolves the carbonate of lime, which is found in great quantity on the bottom in all moderate depths. The carbonic acid which effects this dissolution is probably furnished by the oxidation of organic substances. The author refers to the fact that carbonic acid is not necessary in order that carbonate of lime may be dissolved by sea-water, and has, in this respect, confirmed Dittmar's observations. Different waters, however, comport themselves very differently in this respect. The water of great rivers, adds the writer, at their embouchure contains less acid combined as neutral salts than ocean water, and the mixture of salt and river water, along coasts, less carbonic acid than the water in the great oceans; but the difference is not in proportion to the quantity of salts present. It is shown by analyses of Baltic water that while this water contains only about one-half of the salts present in pure ocean water, it contains nearly nine-tenths of the carbonic acid present in the neutral salts of pure ocean water.

Gümbel's work consists in an examination of the deposits collected from depths ranging from 18 to 317 metres. The forty samples, of which an excellent description is given, all belong to littoral, sub-littoral, or terrigenous deposits. None of them present the essential characters of truly deep-sea or pelagic sediments. The author divides them into quartz sands and sandy clays, the latter being of a much darker color than the former. Gümbel has followed in his descriptions the methods indicated in the preliminary notices

of the Challenger deposits. Gümbel attributes the absence of globigerina ooze from the samples to the relatively shallow depths from which they were procured, and he adds that the depth determines the nature of the deposit. This is quite a mistake; it is, rather, distance from land that determines the kind of deposit. Deposits not unlike those described by Gümbel occur in depths of over two thousand fathoms when near to land, while a globigerina ooze or pteropod ooze may occur in very shallow depths, in the tropics, far from land. These deposits of the Drache being near the coast, it is found that quartz predominates. The fragments of plagioclase, orthose, hornblende, augite, bronzite, mica, garnet, tourmaline, diroite (is it not glaucophane?), magnetite, zircon, chlorite, all come from the disintegration of the ancient rocks which form the coast of Norway and Scotland. Gümbel also finds fragments of granitic rocks, dioritic rocks, etc. Fragments of modern volcanic rocks, such as lavas and pumice, are very rare when compared with the particles derived from ancient rocks. Glauconite was found in some of the specimens, and the author believes that these have been transported, which is quite unlikely, as large deposits of glauconite are now in process of formation along the coasts of the north of Scotland. The organisms—mollusks, echinoderms, foraminifera, and diatoms—are all the same as those usually found in partially inclosed seas like the North Sea, and do not present any peculiarities worthy of note.

The author supposes that there is a continuation under the North Sea of the ancient rock-masses of Scandinavia. This may be true, but the supposition can in no way have been suggested by the chemical, microscopic, and mineralogical examinations of the deposits of the North Sea. In conclusion, Gümbel states that the sediments of the North Sea prove that sandy deposits can be formed alongside of clayey and marly deposits, during the same time in the same sea. This conclusion has already been perfectly established, and this confirmation supports an interpretation generally received, which was one of the first results of the examination of the Challenger deposits.

The Hydrographic Office of the German Admiralty has done excellent service in taking up the scientific examination of the North Sea. It is a work that we would like to see continued and advanced by our own Hydrographic Office.

J. M.

From The Spectator.

#### MORE KERRY HUMORS.

SINCE my last instalment was written, several anecdotes illustrative of traits of Kerry character have recurred to my memory, or come to my knowledge, which I am minded to set down ere I forget them. Now, the first of these traits which I shall single out is mendacity. Nobody can fully realize the extent to which it is cultivated who has not attended a court of petty sessions in Kerry. But after such an experience, he will be better able to appreciate the well-known "rider" to the ninth commandment which was declared by a Kerry humorist to actuate his fellow-countrymen in giving their evidence. He had been conversing with a friend as to the amount of false witness borne in court, and on learning that while there had been a great deal of swearing on behalf of those accused, there was very little against them, summed up the situation by observing that the peasantry evidently construed the command, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," to cover the permission, "Thou mayest bear false witness in his favor." One of the shrewdest magistrates on the bench has stated that experience has taught him that the truth is generally on the side where there is least swearing. This strange state of affairs, almost inexplicable to an outsider, may in part be cleared up when we reflect that Paddy has always been a greater respecter of persons than institutions, always readier to help a neighbor in a strait than to assist in the maintenance of law and order,—in fact, very much of the same way of thinking as the Irish emigrant who, when asked in New York what his politics were, replied that "he was agin' the government." At the time when the telegraph-wire was put up between Killarney and Valentia, one of the resident gentry was telling another of his efforts to persuade the people not to tamper with or destroy the wire, and mentioned the various arguments he had employed. None of these, however, satisfied his interlocutor, who, having a far keener insight into Celtic character than his friend, exclaimed, "Why didn't you tell them that just at the very moment they were cutting the wire, a message might be coming with a reprieve for some poor fellow who was going to be hanged?"

I have spoken in a former letter of the superstition of the Kerry peasantry, of which a good illustration is to be found in the following dialogue, which I am enabled to give pretty correctly, having



jotted it down almost immediately after I heard it repeated by one of the two parties concerned. My friend, whom we will call G—, came across a laborer who was mowing in a field where were the remains of a rath; and as he knew of the strong feeling which the peasantry have with regard to ruins of all sorts, he called out to him, "Mind the rath, Darby." Whereupon Darby turned quite pale, and reverently removing his hat, ejaculated with great unction, "The Lord stand betune us and harm!" G—, being rather amused at his "flustration," asked him, "Now, what do you mean by that, Darby; who was it that used to live in the rath?" "The Danes, sir, I'm tould." "And isn't it a strange thing that you should take off your hat to the Danes, who were thieves, and murderers, and heathens?" "Well, annyhow, 'tis known that the good people live there now, sir." "And did you ever see them yourself?" "Well, no, sir; but my wife's cousin's husband, Patsy Crowley, he seen them." "When was that?" "Well, one night he was coming back from beyant Lough Gitane, and he was overtook by a tundherstorm, and had like to be dthrownd wid the wet. And so, as he was lookin' this way and that for some shelter agin' the storm, he kem up to an old rath that there is by the roadside, and a cave underneath it. And with that, he med up his mind to creep into the cave until the rain was over. Och! he seen it all that night!" "What did he see?" "God save us, sure, men and women." "And were they like ordinary men and women, or not?" "They were, sir." "And what were the women doing?" "They were sitting, sir, and singing." "And the men, were they drinking?" "No; they were sitting and singing too." "What were they singing?" "Och! the grandest music that ever you heard." "And did they say anything to him?" "Och! sure, he never would never tell any man all he saw and heard that night. *But he kem out a grey man, and he had a stroke of the rheumatism afterwards that crippled him for the rest of his life.*" I may supplement this story with a shorter anecdote of a man who once informed my father that he once had a "great escape" of seeing a fairy. He had gone to do a day's work for a farmer who lived at a distance, and arriving over night, repaired to rest in the kitchen. After a while he heard the pattering of feet, — unmistakably those of a *leprechaun*, "a little fellow about so high" (holding his hands about a yard apart). "But I thought you didn't see him

at all, for it was in the dark." "'Deed, an' I could tell from the sound of his feet how tall he was." This man's logic, however, was better than that of a railway booking clerk to whom a sister of the writer's, imagining that he had given her too much change, returned with the request that he would count it. Whereupon he rejoined, "No; but it's I who've given you too little. And there's the reward for your honesty, *for ye get sixpence for yourself.*"

To the foregoing anecdotes I may add the following without any pretence at classification, but just as they happen to occur to me. They are all typical, however, in different ways, of the mental peculiarities of the Celt. Let me begin with a story of a former barber of Killarney, famous for the Latin quotations with which he used to interlard his conversation, more famous still for the wonderfully free translations which he felt called upon to add for the benefit of his listeners. Thus, when a customer, seeing some hairwash in his shop, asked whether he recommended it, he replied cautiously, "Well, 'tis a sort of *multum in parvo*, — *the less ye take of it the better.*" It was at Killarney, too, that a client, conversing with his counsel about a speech which the latter had made in his behalf, admitted that it was good enough, adding, "But ye didn't squandher your carcass enough," — *i. e.*, indulge in gesticulation. Another curious phrase was employed in conversation with me this autumn by an old Kerry man, who, pointing to the trees below a private residence near Muckcross, remarked, "The man that planted them mustn't have the toothache any longer," by which, I take it, he meant that they were very old. Only a few days ago, I heard from west Kerry of a horse of which it was said that "he was as handy with his hind legs as a pugilist." This may serve as a pendant to the Galway story of the mare who "threw" a wonderful "lep," of which her master remarked that "he was gladder than if she'd wrote the Bible." To my previous samples of blunders, I have to add the common remark of the fishermen at Killarney that "the wather is dry in the rivers," and the explanation given by a servant of the death of a favorite cat, "She ate a rot [*i. e.* a rat], your honor, and she couldn't disject it." But these are feeble, compared to the specimens of the Cornish breed lately furnished me by a descendant of the lady who is said to have perpetrated them. Thus, she is reported to have affirmed that an "artichoke [*i. e.*,

architect] was ill of a pewter fever," and, on another occasion, to have alluded to a house so full of guests that "the men had to sleep in the corduroys" (corridors). My last contribution does not come from Kerry either, but from London, though the author is Irish. Being asked whether he had got a muzzle for his dog, he replied, "Oh, yes! but he doesn't think it is a muzzle; we tell him it is a nose-improver."

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From St. James's Gazette.  
AN EXTINCT SKIPPER.

LESS than fifty years ago the traveller east of Tower Hill might have seen above the dusky warehouses of the old St. Katharine Docks a red, swallow-tailed burgee with a big black X upon it. This was the house flag of the monthly New York line of packet-ships, then advertised as "the only regular line of packet between London and New York; for freight or passage apply to Messrs. P. and T., or to the captain on board. Ship now loading, Gladiator, Captain Josia Joshua Champion." These Yankee skippers nearly all hailed from the small state of Connecticut. Most of them left farm work for the sea; and long before they had attained the rank of mate a good proportion of their number were able to invest some small savings in the ship they sailed in. These "liners" were generally New-York-built ships; and with their brightly varnished wale-streak, and clean-looking white and green deck fittings, not only had a look of the New World about them as they lay alongside the smoke-grimed warehouses, but something that reminded one of Holland. The smarter class of Swedish and Norwegian vessels of the present day are not unlike these little packets, which were, however, built almost entirely with a view to speed and passenger traffic. In those days men had to fight their way mile by mile across the Atlantic, with little to help them on the westerly or uphill voyage but hard head winds; and a sharp floor, square yards, and well-cut sails were a necessity. A vessel of five hundred tons, or even less, was considered quite large enough for the trade at that time; and when, upon the introduction of steam, the passenger traffic declined, and ships for cargo-carrying of eight hundred or one thousand tons were built for the line, they were spoken of as long and unhandy, especially in working to windward down Channel.

People who had no idea of ever crossing the Atlantic liked to have a look over "the New York packet;" and visitors were always welcome. Nothing so smart as to cabin fittings then sailed out of the port of London. A clean-shaved, hard-fisted Yankee mate was ready with helping hand at the gangway; and, passing into the round-house on deck, some steep, brass-bound stairs led you into the main cabin; saloons were never spoken of then on board ship. Here, at the end of the long cabin table, sitting at the receipt of passengers, was Captain Champion himself—a very young-looking man for one who had spent twenty years, winter and summer, upon the north Atlantic. Near him were a basket of American crackers and a great bouquet of English flowers. He usually had an unlighted cigar in his mouth; and was attended by a black steward of polished face and manners, in readiness to show you the best stateroom with its dainty white dimity bed curtains and cut-glass door-handles, or the pretty little white and gold cabin for ladies. Though young-looking, Captain Champion was one of the oldest and best-known men in the line; and he liked telling how a timid lady passenger, on being referred to him when she came to engage a berth, said that it was "old Captain Champion that she wished to see." According to Captain Champion himself, it was hard to lay out one hundred dollars more advantageously than in securing a passage to New York on board the Gladiator. "The Atlantic was a mill-pond at this season, and the wind likely to hold on in the east for the next six weeks. No mistake about it, it was just yachting on a large scale, with board and lodging for a month, and fed like fighting cocks. Yes, sir, if I hadn't to go captain, I'd have to take a passage in my own ship. Why, sir, on a longish passage a man might actually save money enough to buy himself a nice little place out West." The easy way the Yankee skipper, on board his own ship in dock, disposed of all little unpleasantnesses connected with the sea was wonderful; but when two young fellows, going round the ship, said something about being able to sail to Australia for nearly the same money, the captain politely waved his hand towards the cabin stairs with "Well, gentlemen, I guess you can sail."

It was necessary to make a passage to New York and back with Captain Champion before you learned that he had ever known rough weather; and even then he was shy of mentioning it. He had never

been shipwrecked, of course; though he had once had his ship ashore, driven with two anchors down upon the Mother Bank from Spithead—getting off next tide. He had more than once spent a fortnight surrounded by icebergs, feeling his way among them in fog and light winds; but though his mainyard often nearly grazed them he never considered his ship in any danger. Vessels were not compelled to carry lights then, but for his own satisfaction he always had a white light in a lantern fitted to his bowsprit cap: "which when fellows saw they often 'boutship, especially in the Channel, taking it for a lighthouse ashore."

Fire was the one thing Captain Champion dreaded; but by setting each passenger to watch his fellow-passengers in the steerage "he guessed there warn't much risk of that." He had once been pooped in a heavy gale, when something started about the sternpost; but he was a young fellow then, and only remembered how his owners grumbled about some cargo that he jettisoned in order to lighten his ship aft and get at the leak or keep it above water. He was loaded with apples, flour, cheeses, and American clocks; the last-named commodities unfortunately being the first they could get at. In consequence, more than two hundred cases of clocks went to the bottom before the cheese-boxes were arrived at. They had to follow the clocks; so that altogether he calculated he lightened his ship by over one hundred tons aft in twelve hours; some steerage passengers keeping the pumps going while the crew were busy handing up the clocks and cheeses. "No, sir; I guess I didn't have to coax them passengers any. I just told 'em they'd got to pump or drown. But you'd hardly believe me when I tell you that every one of them sailor men that worked in my hold that night had at least one clock and a cheese stowed away in his bunk for'ard when we got into dock. Yes, sir, human nature strong in death, as Shakespeare says. But when I got to home again, in New York, and my owners says, 'How was it, Captain Champion, that it did not occur to you to select something of less value than them timepieces?' I felt pretty small; and only said, 'Well, gentlemen, I rayther wish you'd a bin there yourselves to pick and choose that night.' Yes, sir, that riled me; especially as my wife was with me that voyage, and her own private piannyforty was one of the fust things that went overboard. Perhaps some of them owners would just as soon not a

seen nothing more of me or my ship that winter."

Iron ships and steam have driven the little wooden black **X** liners off the sea; and though some of the old London, Liverpool, and Havre Yankee sailing skippers lingered for a few years in command of the first large Atlantic steamers, they have now become extinct as a race of ship-owning sea captains.

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From The Deutsche Zeitung.

#### A GERMAN VIEW OF LONDON.

AT the time of the first industrial exhibition, when London was, so to speak, first discovered by Germans, a Frenchman and an Englishman were discussing the advantages of their capitals on board a steamer bound for Hamburg. The Frenchman counted up the number of monumental edifices at Paris, compared to which London had nothing to show. That was only a matter of appearances, retorted the Englishman, because Paris was a small town where everything was crowded together. The Frenchman was struck dumb at this remark, and the rest of us laughed. When we arrived at Hamburg all traffic was stopped at the first street corner, because two vehicles had come into collision, and it was a long while before, after a great deal of scolding and shouting, we could pass on. We looked at each other and thought "how smoothly did the tenfold row of carts and carriages roll along in London!" I have often thought of this incident when, after a long interval, I returned to London. Yes, it is no exaggeration to say that Paris, Rome, Berlin, and Vienna are small towns compared to this sea of houses, which still grows faster than any of the other capitals. The English themselves are beginning to ask where the end of this town will be, and people, on making excursions, are surprised to see that there are yet some rural parts to be found. The extension of London would be impossible without the railway which connects the great lines with each other and the outskirts with the centre. "A splendid invention!" say Londoners, but a stranger sees its shady sides as well. It is true the numberless multitude of men who are "something in the city" would have to live for hours in a tram or bus without the Underground Railway which enables them to reach their offices in twenty to twenty-five minutes. And the hurry, the stops of

half-minutes, the looking for the right train, the changing from one train to the other, and the far larger measure of attention and activity which in England is required from travellers, are things to which one may become accustomed. But the atmosphere is terrible. Even where the line runs above or between houses, tunnels and covered stations are frequent, and the name of Underground is but too well deserved. . . . At the stations and other places one is often tempted to doubt whether the English are really the practical nation, for which they are so much admired. The inside walls are all covered with placards, in the midst of which the name of the station appears; next to and all around it are the names of commercial firms, apparently printed unintentionally exactly like the name of the station, and sometimes an advertisement is made more prominent by the introduction of a bad joke, such as, for instance, by advertising a certain kind of mustard as "mustard station." Omnibuses are similarly swamped with advertisements, and the names of streets and localities, which, after all, are of more importance to the public than the address of manufacturers of soap, pills, or clothes, are crowded into the smallest possible place. Of course; for the Londoner himself knows his way, and of the stranger no one takes any notice. It is the same with the names of streets. There is no regularity because every parish is independent; the writing often becomes quite illegible through smoke and rain, but again, what does it matter, since all the inhabitants know their whereabouts.

If it were not for the policeman, whose civility is above all praise, strangers would often be at their wits' end. To ask passers-by is not always advisable. An Englishman advises to ask in a shop, "because a Londoner only speaks an untruth in his own house if he can do a stroke of business by it;" but this advice is not always possible to follow in districts where shops are few and far between. . . . Trams, by the way, are not considered fashionable, and are just allowed to touch the borders of the wealthy quarters, while omnibuses are everywhere admitted. The gods only know the reason for this classification. One of the curiosities of the London streets is that the roofs of trams and 'buses, which are often occupied by ladies, have no solid enclosure, but merely an iron bar, so that anything which one might drop rolls at once down into the street. If now and then a board is put up along the whole length of the carriage, it is only because the board holds an advertisement. In the face of such facts one is tempted to ask whether the English, great travellers as they are, do not notice the better arrangements in other countries; and in answer to this question it must be said that they blind themselves on purpose to everything foreign. Even the best-educated and unprejudiced Briton is astoundingly dense in this respect. An Englishman has always been, and still continues to be, the most perfect of God's creatures — his customs are right, and what he does not like is indecent, or at least unnecessary.

OPTICAL GLASS. — In *La Nature* last week is an interesting note on the mode of manufacture of optical glass, over the well-known signature of *Feil père et Mantois*. A history of the difficulties attending the process is given, in which it is pointed out that formerly all such glass had to be bought in England, but that now the trade for large discs is centred in France, though, as we know, Messrs. Chance, export large quantities of optical glass to the Continent. The article goes on to describe the manufacture of the great discs cast for the Mount Hamilton telescope. The cru-

cibles, full of molten glass, are kept stirred for two to six hours with large stirrers made of refractory clay, and considerable skill is needed in withdrawing the stirrer at the right moment, so as not to cause streaks and irregularities. The flint glass for the one-metre disc needed about nine hundred kilogrammes, and the crown disc seven hundred and fifty. The time of cooling occupied from twenty to thirty days, and then the blocks were ready to be cut and polished, details of the mode of performing which operations are also given in the article.



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